

Just a few drops combed into the hair and almost immediately you can see "listless locks" begin to take on new life, new lustre, new silky sheen—stray ends and straggly strands melding into glorious waves and curls.



And in 20 minutes your mirror shows you a new head of hair—marcelled and curled as you like it best; with a natural wave that no artificial beauty-parlor process could possibly duplicate.



June 1923 V. 7 #3

Marvelous New Spanish Liquid

Makes any hair naturally curly in 20 minutes

The Spanish Beggar's Priceless Gift

by Winnifred Ralston

FROM the day we started to school, Charity Winthrop and I were called the touseled-hair twins.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn't behave.

As we grew older the hated name still clung to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charity's family moved to Spain and I didn't see her again until last New Year's eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair.

Horribly self-conscious I was sitting at the table, scarcely touching my food, wishing I were home. It seemed that everyone had wonderful, lustrous, curly hair but me and I felt they were all laughing or worse, pitying me behind my back.

My eyes strayed to the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eye caught mine and to my surprise she smiled and started toward me.

About this girl's face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My face must have turned scarlet as I compared it mentally with my own straggly, ugly mop.

Of course you have guessed her identity—Charity Winthrop who once had dull straight hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. But I simply couldn't wait. I blurted out—"Charity Winthrop—tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?"

She smiled and said mysteriously, "Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story."

Charity tells of the beggar's gift

"Our house in Madrid faced a little, old plaza where I often strolled after my siesta.



A Matchless Marcelle



Lovely Curls

"Miguel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. I always dropped a few centavos in his hat when I passed and he soon grew to know me.

"The day before I left Madrid I stopped to bid him goodbye and pressed a gold coin in his palm."

"Hija mia," he said, "You have been very kind to an old man. Digamelo (tell me) senorita, what it is your heart most desires."

"I laughed at the idea, then said jokingly, 'Miguel, my hair is straight and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly'."

"Oigame, senorita," he said—"Many years ago—a Castilian prince was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was black as a raven's wing and straight as an arrow. Like you, this lady wanted *los pelos rizos* (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of pesos to the man who would fulfill her wish. The prize fell to Pedro, the *droguero*. Out of roots and herbs he brewed a potion that converted the princess' straight, unruly hair into a glorious mass of ringlet curls.

"Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did him a great service. Here you will find him, go to him and tell your wish."

"I called a *coche* and gave the driver the address Miguel had given me.

"At the door of the apothecary shop, a funny old hawk-nosed Spaniard met me. I stammered out my explanation. When I finished, he bowed and vanished into his store. Presently he returned and handed me a bottle.

"Terribly excited—I could hardly wait until I reached home. When I was in my room alone, I took down my hair and applied the liquid as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have noted, had taken place.

"Come, Winnifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you."

Twenty minutes later as I looked into Charity's mirror I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull, straight hair had wound itself into curling tendrils. My head was a mass of ringlets and waves. It shone with a lustre it never had before.

You can imagine the amazement of the others in the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody noticed the change. Never did I have such a glorious night. I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look in my mirror fearing it had all been a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was curly and beautiful.

I asked Charity's permission to take a sample of the Spanish liquid to my cousin at the Century Laboratories. For days he worked, analyzing the liquid. Finally, he solved the problem, isolated the two Spanish herbs, the important ingredients.

They experimented on fifty women and the results were simply astounding. Now the Century Chemists are prepared to supply the wonderful Spanish Curling Liquid to women everywhere.

Take advantage of their generous trial offer—

I told my cousin I did not want one penny for the information I had given him. I did make one stipulation, however. I insisted that he introduce the discovery by selling it for a limited time at actual laboratory cost plus postage so that as many women as possible could take advantage of it. This he agreed to do.

No need to undergo the torture and expense of the so-called permanent wave, which might even destroy your hair. You can have natural curly hair in twenty minutes. One application will keep your hair beautiful for a week or more.

Don't delay another day. For the Century Chemists guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.

Free Distribution of \$3.50 Bottles

(ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY)

We are offering for a limited time only, no-profit distribution of the regular \$3.50 size of our Spanish Curling Liquid.

The actual cost of preparing and compounding this Spanish Curling Fluid, including bottling, packing and shipping is \$1.87. We have decided to ship the first bottle to each new user at actual cost price.

You do not have to send one penny in advance. Merely fill out the coupon below—then pay the postman \$1.87 plus the few cents postage, when he delivers the liquid. If you are not satisfied in every way, even this low laboratory fee will be refunded promptly. This opportunity may never appear again. Miss Ralston urges that you take advantage of it at once.



Wavy Bob

CENTURY CHEMISTS

(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)
Century Bldg., Chicago

Send No Money—Simply Sign and Mail Coupon

CENTURY CHEMISTS Dept. 67

Century Bldg., Chicago

Please send me, in plain wrapper, by insured parcel post, a full size \$3.50 bottle of Liquid Marcelle (Spanish Curling Liquid). I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage, on delivery, with the understanding that if, after a five-day trial, I am not elated with the results from this magic curling fluid, I may return the unused contents in the bottle, and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon, and Liquid Marcelle will be sent you postpaid.

Hollywood

A James Cruze
Production

by Frank Condon

Adapted by Tom Geraghty
Presented by Jesse L. Lasky

*An entirely new kind of
comedy-drama about a girl
who tried to get into
the movies!*

—a real presentation on the screen of the life of Hollywood as it is lived today, with the absorbing story of the girl who went there seeking fame and fortune!

Angela, the heroine, is the counterpart of a million American girls, and she leads a life that a million girls will envy, and that will make every patron laugh and thrill.

This is not an exposé of Hollywood, but the genuine picture-story of screen-ambition's appointments and disappointments—all in an atmosphere of melodrama, love, mystery and humor.

Does Angela reach stardom or not?

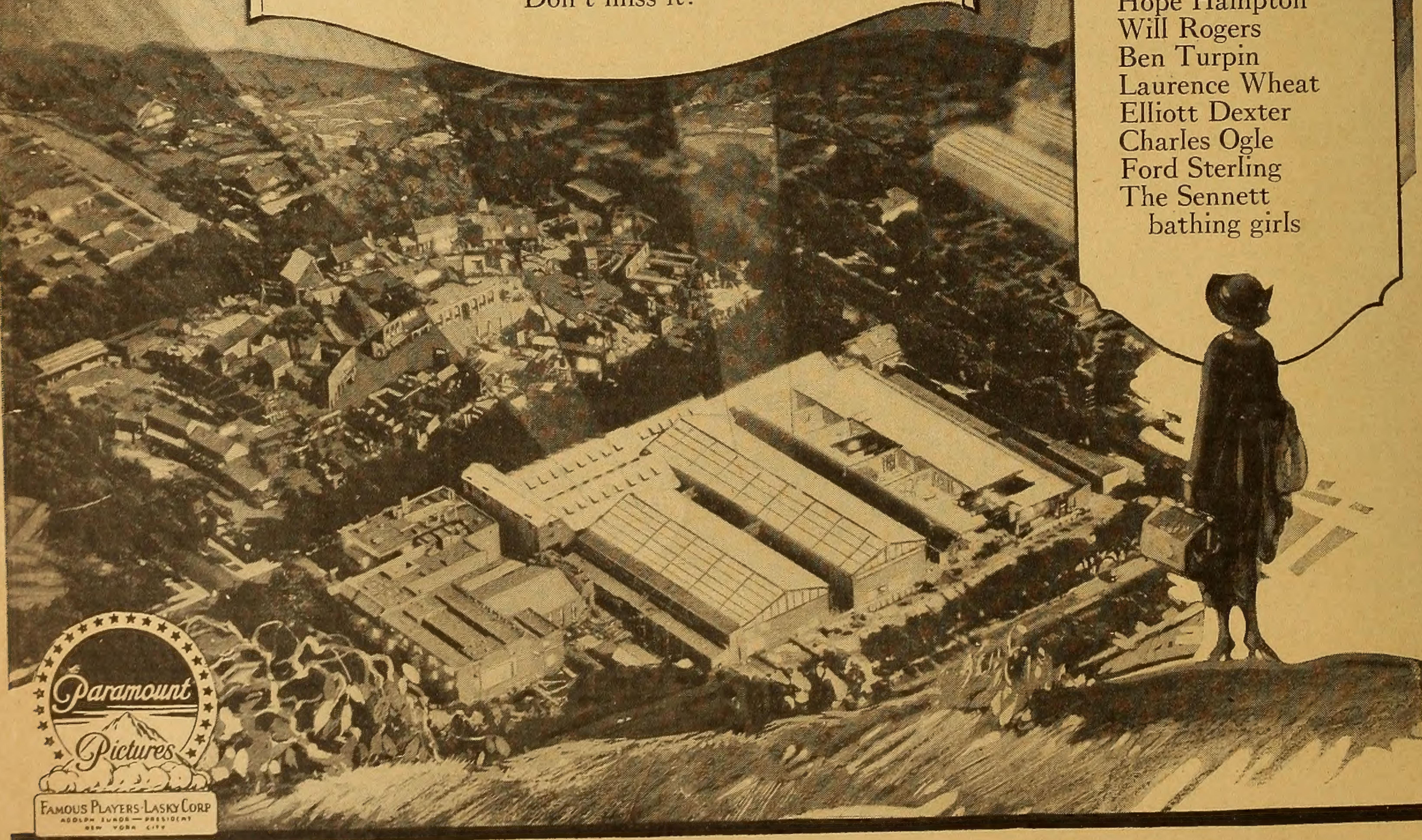
That is the thrill of it, the excitement of finding out what makes screen success.

Don't miss it!

—and the cast!
Just about every-
one big you can
think of!

Included are:

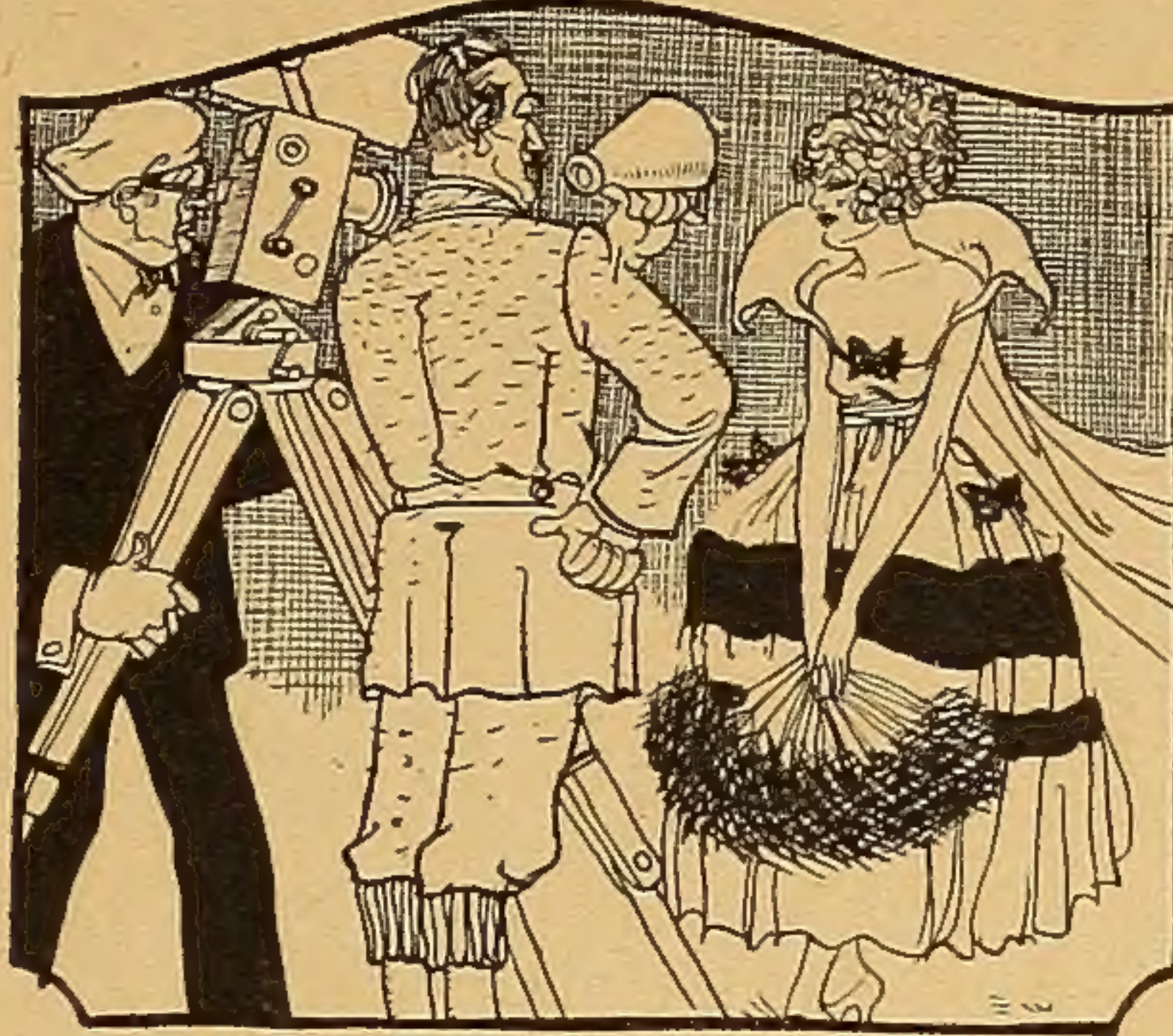
Cecil B. DeMille
Thomas Meighan
Agnes Ayres
Jack Holt
Betty Compson
Leatrice Joy
Walter Hiers
Lila Lee
James Cruze
Lois Wilson
Alfred E. Green
Jacqueline Logan
George Fawcett
Nita Naldi
J. Warren Kerrigan
Mary Astor
Hope Hampton
Will Rogers
Ben Turpin
Laurence Wheat
Elliott Dexter
Charles Ogle
Ford Sterling
The Sennett
bathing girls



It's a Paramount Picture

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town

SCREENLAND



Vol. VII MYRON ZOBEL, Editor
EUNICE MARSHALL } Associate Editors
ANNE AUSTIN }

No. 3

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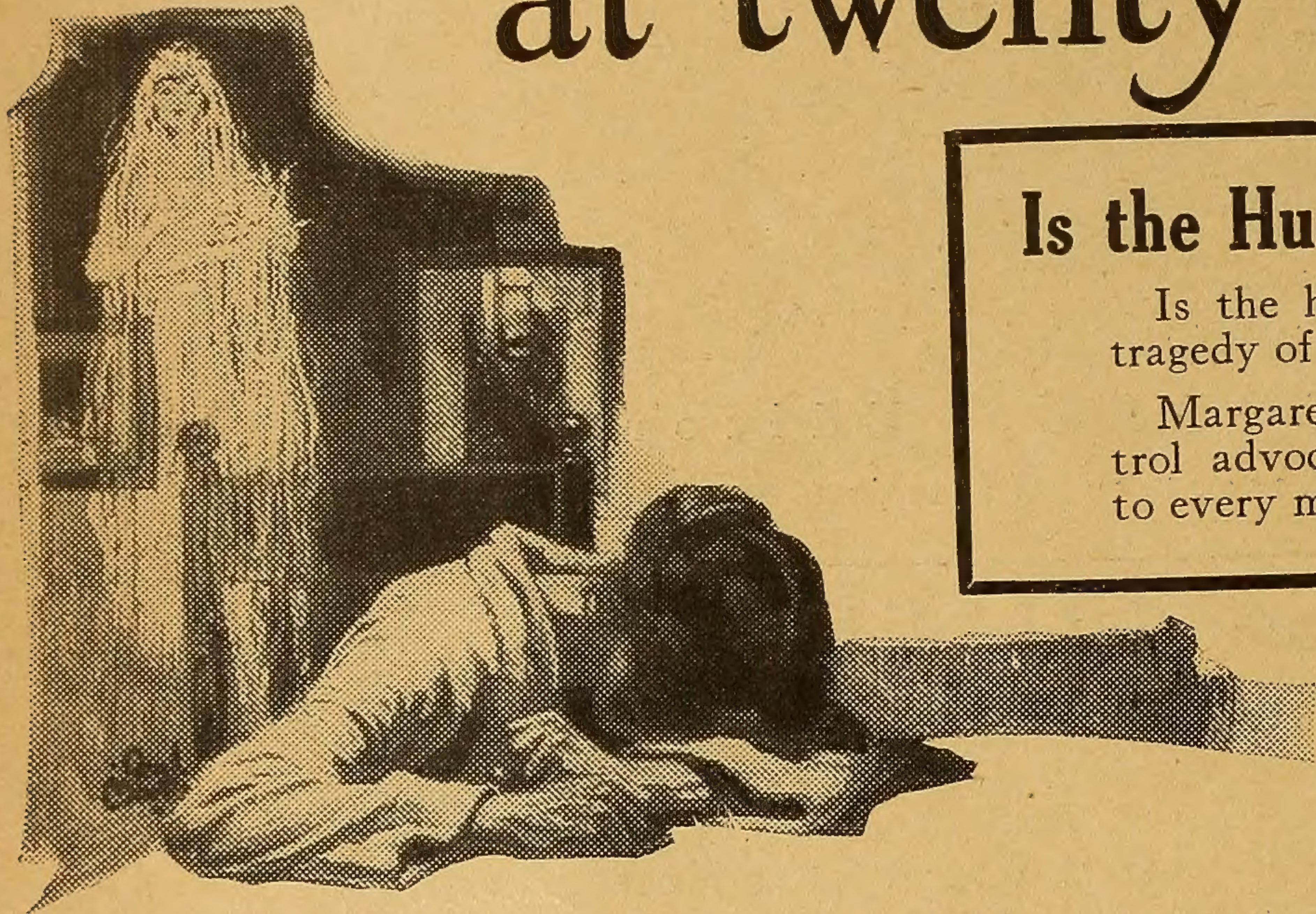
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A radiant bride at twenty— at twenty-five—what?



Is the Husband or Wife to Blame?

Is the husband or wife to blame for the tragedy of too many children?

Margaret Sanger, the great birth control advocate, comes with a message vital to every married man and woman.



THOUSANDS upon thousands of women to-day marry with the bloom of youth upon their cheeks. A few years of married life rub the bloom off. Children come, too many. And instead of the energetic, healthy girl we have a tired and bedraggled young-old woman. Why do women allow marriage, the holy thing, to work this wicked transformation?

MARGARET SANGER, the acknowledged world leader of the Birth Control movement and President of the American Birth Control League, has the answer for this most momentous problem of womankind. Every married woman knows only too well the tragedies resulting from ignorance of birth control.

Why should a woman sacrifice her love-life—a possession she otherwise uses every resource to keep? Why does she give birth to a rapid succession of children, if she has neither the means to provide for them nor the physical strength properly to care for them?

In her daring and startling book Margaret Sanger gives to the women of the world the knowledge she dared to print—the knowledge for which she faced jail and fought

through every court to establish as woman's inalienable right to know.

"In *Woman and the New Race*" she shows how woman can and will rise above the forces that, in too many cases, have ruined her beauty through the ages—that still drag her down to-day—that wreck her mental and physical strength—that disqualify her for society, for self-improvement—that finally shut her out from the thing she cherishes most: her husband's love.

In blazing this revolutionary trail to the new freedom of women, this daring and heroic author points out that women who cannot afford to have more than one or two children, should not do so. It is a crime to herself, a crime to her children, a crime to society. And now for the first time Mrs. Sanger shows the way out. And she brings to the women of the world the greatest message it has been their good fortune to receive.

"*Woman and the New Race*" is a book that will be read wherever woman-kind struggles with the ever-present danger of too many children. It is a startling, mighty revelation of a new truth, a work that will open the eyes of tired, worn woman-kind. It can with truth and honesty be called woman's salvation.

Partial List of Contents

- *Woman's Error and Her Debt.
Two Classes of Women.
Cries of Despair.
- *When Should a Woman Avoid Having Children?
Birth Control—A Parent's Problem or Woman's.
- *Continence—Is It Practicable or Desirable?
- *Are Preventive Means Certain?
- *Contraceptives or Abortion?
Women and the New Morality.
Legislating Woman's Morals.
Why Not Birth Control Clinics in America?
Progress We Have Made
*Any one of these chapters alone is worth many times the price of the book.

Every woman in the country should have a copy of this remarkable and courageous work. For this reason we have arranged a special edition of "*Woman and the New Race*" at only \$2.00 a copy.

Send No Money

The book is bound in handsome, durable gray cloth, has artistic black lettering and is printed from large type on good paper. It contains 234 pages of priceless information. To have it come to you, merely fill in and mail the coupon below. It is sent to you in a plain wrapper. When "*Woman and the New Race*" is delivered to you by the postman, pay him \$2.00 plus postage—but send no money with the coupon. There will be an unprecedented demand for this edition, which will soon be exhausted, so you are urged to mail the coupon now—at once.

TRUTH PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. T-636 1658 Broadway, New York City

Truth Publishing Co.
Dept. T-636, 1658 Broadway, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me, in plain wrapper, Margaret Sanger's book, "*Woman and the New Race*." I am enclosing no money, but will give the postman who delivers the book to me, \$2.00 plus postage.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Canadian and foreign orders must be accompanied by money order.

OF COURSE YOU WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Irene Hobson, young at 53, and made so by her own treatment; a treatment that makes one young not only in appearance but in mind and body.

Call at her luxurious institute where Irene Hobson will be pleased to give you proofs of her work and all necessary information pertaining to this wonder treatment. This is the only institute whose treatment embraces the youth of the body combined with the perfect rejuvenation of the face and hands.



WITZEL, HOLLYWOOD

And it is possible for everyone to regain the bloom of youth. Irene's Beauty Institute in Hollywood is now open to all who would be beautiful. Wrinkles removed, sagging cheeks corrected, and the skin of the entire face tightened leaving the appearance that of a girl.

Madam Irene Hobson

Phone Hollywood 2617

6671 Sunset Boulevard

Hollywood, California.

By mail - - - something new

Irene's Beauty Mask

A superior beauty paste. Apply in the evening and while sleeping this wondrous paste will work leaving the face as smooth as that of a child. A real smooth-out for wrinkles and is to the skin what the dew is to the rose, keeping the face firm and beautiful.

Especially priced at \$3.00 the jar, postpaid.

Phone, write or call for further information.

Velvet Whitener

A transparent beautifier. Does not rub off and will give a wonderful evening effect, making the face as soft as petals from a flower.

This whitener may be ordered by mail at the special price of \$1.25 postpaid.

Use the Coupon

MADAM IRENE HOBSON,
6671 Sunset Blvd.,
Hollywood, Calif.

Enclosed please find \$4.25 for which send me your special combination postpaid.

Name

Street

City



Get Rid of That Double Chin

Marvelous **Reducine** Restores Girlish Neck Lines in Amazingly Short Time!

NOTHING does more to destroy youthful looks than a "double chin." However attractive the face or figure a double chin often ages a woman's appearance.

And now a double chin is no longer necessary. The famous Century Laboratories—world's research headquarters for beauty specialties—have discovered a delightful reducing formula, scientifically termed **Reducine**, which, used as a neck massage twice daily, will banish enlargement in the neck lines.

A double chin is not always a sign of overweight. Many women find that dieting and exercise—while reducing overweight, have no effect on the double chin.

Only a local treatment will banish superfluous neck flesh—without leaving the neck skin loose and flabby. And at last this treatment has been found.

Applied With Patented Reducing Brush

Reducine (private laboratory formula) is applied to the chin and neck with a remarkable new invention—a rubber reducing brush with soft vacuum cup tentacles—which strengthen and vitalize the sagging tissues. The treatment itself is delightful.

Reducine fairly seems to dissolve the fat—contracting the superfluous tissue while leaving the skin taut, firm and velvety.

Results come in an amazingly short time—two or three treatments often show astounding improvement. And a faithful use of the cream and brush for a few weeks will banish the double chin—restoring the slender contour of maidenhood.

Restore Your Beauty Lines

Any woman anywhere may try this new cream and brush treatment without a penny of risk. The coupon is all you

need send—we do not even ask for references. And the results are guaranteed—or there is not a penny of charge.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Remarkable No-Profit Offer

Wonderful new reducing brush with every jar of REDUCINE

We are willing and eager to distribute the first ten thousand jars of this wonderful neck reducing cream without a penny of profit. You'll tell your friends—and that will bring us hosts of orders.

Reducine and the Reducing Brush will retail in drug and department stores at \$3.50 for both. But on the first

10,000 orders we will include the beauty brush absolutely free—and will forward the cream at \$1.87—actual cost, without one penny of profit.

If the first five days' treatment does not prove to your satisfaction that improvement is certain—you may return the cream and brush—and we'll refund your money by return mail.



**SEND
No Money
SIMPLY
MAIL COUPON**

Century Chemists

(Originators of the famous 40 Minute Beauty Clay)

Dept. 61, Century Building, Chicago
Please send me, in plain wrapper by insured parcel post, your complete "Double Chin" Reducing Treatment (Brush and Cream), regular retail value, \$3.50. I will pay postman \$1.87, plus few cents postage on delivery, with understanding that if after five-day trial I am not elated with results, I may return brush and cream and you will immediately return my money in full.

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ State _____

If apt to be out when postman calls, you may enclose \$2 with coupon and everything will be sent to you postpaid.

STUDIOS and ADDRESSES

Astra Studios Glendale, Calif.
Balboa Studio..... East Long Beach, Calif.
Belasco Studios, 833 Market St., San Francisco
Chester Bennet Prod.....
..... Brunton Studio, Hollywood
Blue Ribbon Comedies.....
..... 1438 Gower St., Hollywood
Berwillia Studios.....
..... 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood
Century Film Corp.....
..... 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
C. L. Chester Productions.....
..... 1438 Gower St., Hollywood
Christie Comedies
..... 6101 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Irving Cummings Prod..... 1729 Highland Ave.
Doubleday Productions
..... Sunset and Bronson Ave., Hollywood
Ferdinand Earle Productions.....
..... Hollywood Studios, Hollywood
Wm. Fox West Coast Studio.....
..... 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood
Fine Arts Studios.....
..... 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
J. L. Frothingham Prod..... Brunton Studio
Garson Studios.... 1845 Glendale Blvd., Glendale
Goldwyn Studio..... Culver City
Great Western Producing Co.....
..... 6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood
Thos. H. Ince Productions..... Culver City
Lasky Studios..... 1520 Vine St.
Louis B. Mayer Studios.....
..... 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
Metro Studio
..... Romaine and Cahuenga Ave., Hollywood
Morosco Productions..... 3800 Mission Road
Bud Osborne Productions.... 6514 Romaine St.
Pacific Studios Corp..... San Mateo, Calif.
Pacific Film Co..... Culver City
Mary Pickford Co.....
..... Brunton Studios, Hollywood
R-D Film Corp.... Balboa Studios, Long Beach
Realart Studio, 201 N. Occidental, Los Angeles
Robertson-Cole Productions
..... Melrose and Gower, Hollywood
Will Rogers Productions.....
..... Hollywood Studios, 6642 S. M. Blvd.
Russel-Griever-Russell..... 6070 Sunset Blvd.
Hal E. Roach Studio..... Culver City
Morris R. Schlank Productions.... 6050 Sunset
Chas. R. Seeling Productions.....
..... 1240 S. Olive, Los Angeles
Selig-Rork..... 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles
United Studios... 5300 Melrose Ave., Hollywood
Universal Studio..... Universal City, Calif.
King Vidor Prod..... Ince Studios, Culver City
Vitagraph Studio, 1708 Talmadge, Los Angeles
Cyrus J. Williams Co.....
..... 5544 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood
Cyrus J. Williams Co.....
..... 4811 Fountain Ave., Hollywood
Wilnat Films, Inc.....
..... 1329 Gordon St., Los Angeles
Ben Wilson Productions..... Berwillia Studios

EASTERN STUDIOS

Biograph Studios..... 807 E. 175th St., N. Y. C.
Blackton Studios Brooklyn, N. Y.
Estee Studios..... 124 W. 125th St., N. Y. C.
Fox Studios..... West 55th St., N. Y. C.
D. W. Griffith Studios..... Mamaroneck, N. Y.
International Film..... 2478 2d Ave., N. Y. C.
Harry Levy Prod..... 230 W. 38th St., N. Y. C.
Lincoln Studio..... Grantwood, N. J.
Mirror Studios... Glendale, Long Island, N. Y.
Pathe..... 1900 Park Ave., N. Y. C.
Selznick Studios..... Fort Lee, N. J.
Talmadge Studios, 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C.
Vitagraph Studios... E. 15th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Girl who Failed

The True Story of an Extra Girl

⁶⁶ **H**OLLYWOOD or bust!" was the motto I cribbed from the Pike's Peak climbers, and used all through my four years at Central High.

If I had known then what I know now, I would have made it, "Hollywood and bust." I'm just back from Hollywood. I learned about movies from 'er.

Had the Movie Craze

I'm a Minneapolis girl, born and brought up here. I went through the grade school and Central High, enjoyed a feud with West High as all good Centralians do, skated and tobogganed at Powderhorn Park and spent my summers at Lake Minnetonka.

It was a good life. Father is comfortably well off—he has a big printing and stationery shop down by the Court House—and I had a generous allowance and the use of the car whenever mother didn't want it. I was happy, too, but I had the movie craze.

I wanted to go to Hollywood. Oh, how I did want to go! It just seemed as if life was going to be dead sea fruit in my mouth if I couldn't get into the movies. But do you think I got any sympathy? I should say not! Everybody pooh-poohed me, even Jimmy.

Jimmy is a dear. He's a college man, a senior at the University! You can imagine how pleased I was when he began to rush me—and how envious the other girls in my class at Central were. Jimmy is the best half-back Minnesota has had since Bert Baston's time, and he dances like a sweet evening breeze!

But when it came to sympathizing with my ambitions, he just failed utterly! I remember how my whole evening was spoiled at the Class Day Ball. I had a flame-colored chiffon frock—if you knew what a time I had getting it, instead of the girly-girly white or-

FOREWORD

The Incidents and Experiences Quoted in this Story are Authentic. SCREENLAND can Vouch for their Accuracy.

gandie mother picked out!—and I looked every day of twenty-one! Jimmy ducked a Kappa party at the "U" to take me, and I was perfectly happy, until I told him my great ambition to be a film star, sitting out a dance in the botany green house that we use for a conservatory on party nights.

He laughed. After I had confided to him my dearest ambition, he laughed!

I was furious, naturally.

"You cute little mad thing, you," he gurgled, tucking me under his big arm and tilting up my chin.

"What would *you* do in Hollywood? You're going to take a year or two at the "U" while I'm getting a start, and then you're going to be the blushing bride of a rising young lawyer, *n'est-ce pas?*"

I was so mad that even being called "little," which usually flatters a woman dreadfully, didn't soothe me. The nerve of the man! First to scoff at my aspirations, and then to propose in that cocksure, unromantic fashion, as if he was telling me to put my rubbers on! Not even Jimmy, who's a foot-ball hero and a Phi Psi and everything, can do that to me!

So I jerked away and flirted outrageously with Bob Randall, who is a mere high school boy, but who was the only unattached male in sight. And Jimmy didn't even have the grace to be jealous, but sat



For two days I lived on canned tomato soup, the add-hot-water-and-serve kind.



"You cute little mad thing, you," gurgled Jim, holding me tight and tilting up my chin.
"What would you do in Hollywood?"

and grinned like a hyena or something from the stag line.

A Chance at Last!

I WAS still grumpy the next morning when father, the duck, gave me my choice of two things for my graduation present. He said I could have \$200 in cash or a Ford coupe of my own. He advised me to take the coupe, because it would come in mighty handy in getting over to the "U" campus in the fall. I knew, too, that owning a car of your own didn't hurt your chances any for making a sorority.

It's like Francis, the boy who lives next door, who was pledged Beta mostly because he could play the piano, and the Betas hadn't had a real-piano-player in the chapter for two years and needed one for impromptu hops.

But with two hundred dollars cash I could go to *Hollywood!* The thought thrilled me. I knew better than to mention Hollywood to father, though, for we had had it out about a month before, and father had been perfectly impossible. He had actually been uncouth enough to say that if he heard an-

other word about Hollywood or getting in the movies, he would take somebody over his knee and spank some of the foolishness out of her. Not that he would, of course, but still. . . .

"I'll take the money, father, and thank you. You're sweet!" And I kissed the thin spot in his hair and felt guilty but determined. Fathers cannot understand that a girl must live her own life, and I knew that I had a career before me, a career that must not be blighted by hampering home ties.

I must leave the old nest and

carve out a career for myself! I would face the world and conquer it! And I could. Had I not been the big success in our class play, *The Man From Home*, so that even the Journal declared that I was "appealing" as the heroine?

I Leave Home

ONCE I had made up my mind, I lost no time in carrying out my decision. I accepted an invitation to spend a fortnight with my cousin Berta in Aitkin, with mother's consent, and packed my clothes joyously. I had a terrible time getting all my clothes packed, for mother couldn't see how I was going to use so much in a fortnight's time, in a dead little place like Aitkin, Minn. I had to leave a good many things behind, as it was.

When it came time to go, by great good fortune, father was called out of town and mother had to go take care of my aunt Linda, who was ill. Aunt Linda lives out by Lake Harriet. So mother kissed me good-bye at the house and said she was sorry she couldn't get to the station to see me off, and to be a good girl and to *please* not put any of that nasty black stuff on my eyelashes while I was out of her sight, because the charm of a young girl was her naturalness.

The words were not new; I had heard them many times before, but the fact that I would not hear them again for a long time, maybe not for years until I had become a famous star, made the tears come to my eyes and I cried a little on her dear shoulder. Mothers are . . . well, they're just mothers and there's nobody like them, that's all.

Anyway, I boarded the train, saw the station slide past the windows and was fairly started on my career!

Hollywood at Last

I won't say anything about my trip, because scenics are never interesting to anyone except the one who takes them.

On the third day the train brought into the Santa Fe station a girl who was fairly intoxicated with excitement. Having still the lordly sum of almost \$100 in my pocketbook, I boarded a taxi and ordered the driver to drive to the Hollywood Hotel. I hadn't read the fan magazines for four years for nothing!

Well, when I descended from the car in front of the comfortable, mission-style hotel, to see Bert Lytell in white tennis clothes just coming from a hot game on the hotel court, I felt that my dream was true at last! For in the lobby, engaged in cheerful conversation with the bored clerk, was a handsome chap whom I recognized at once as Richard Dix. And Mae Busch, swinging a bag of golf clubs, waited for some lucky escort on the sunshiny verandah. I was in Hollywood and the stars were visible to even the naked eye.

Temporary Plans

THE very next morning, I set out to look for a boarding house, for I knew my \$100 would not last long at the Hollywood Hotel. When I had become a star I would come back there to live, or perhaps I might take a suite at the Garden Court Apartments, a gorgeous white marble edifice with beautiful grounds and pergola-covered tennis courts. But for the present, I would

find an inexpensive place somewhere near the studios.

Finally I found a tiny room with a gas plate for \$5 a week. I could cook my own meals if I didn't leave stuff around, so that it attracted ants, the land-lady told me.

There was another girl, who was in pictures, who lived in the room across the hall from mine. Her name was June de la Marr and she had been in pictures a long time. She was a "trouper," she said. June came over to my room the first night, and we had a long talk.

She looked at me in such a strange way when I told her how I had left home to get into the movies.

"Do you mean to say you left a comfortable home, where you could eat regular and all, to do extra work?" she said.

"Why yes, for my career," I said.

"Well, well, the old one-a-minute birth-rate still keeps up," she said.

She was queer like that, June was, but she was friendly, and I was beginning to feel just a bit—not



"What color is Floria Gay's hair?" June wrinkled her forehead. "Let's see. I haven't seen her since she got back from abroad this last time, but I think she's wearing it blonde this season."

R.E. CURTIS

homesick exactly—but as if I needed somebody to talk to. So I asked her to tell me about the stars.

"Which ones do you want to know about?" June asked. "I got the low-down on all of 'em."

"What color is Floria Gay's hair?" I asked eagerly. Floria Gay is my favorite actress and I have always insisted to Betty Davis that her hair is black as a raven's wing, but Betty was perfectly obstinate in holding that it was auburn.

"What color?" June asked, wrinkling her brow. "Let's see. Haven't seen her since she got back from Europe this last time. I *think* she's wearing it blonde this season."

"Help Wanted, Female"

THE brilliant California sunshine awakened me early the next morning. I jumped up and looked out. A veritable hedge of geraniums, six feet tall, sent a pungent odor up to my window. I marvelled at the size of the scarlet flowers; at home we planted them in pots and thought a geranium that grew to be a foot high was beautiful. The eucalyptus trees that lined the avenue were taller than any trees I had ever seen. Did all things grow so lush and plentiful, out here, I wondered? Including *jobs*?

I went out to breakfast and read the want ads over my cup of coffee. I was simple enough and green enough then to think that the studios advertised for help. So I was terribly excited as I read this ad:

"Forty well-dressed men and women wanted immediately for motion picture work. No experience necessary. Apply today, B. Goldstein, Chamber of Commerce Bldg."

I put on my very best hat and a very nifty top coat and caught the first car for Los Angeles.

A Shabby Office

I WAS certainly disappointed in the office of B. Goldstein. It was just plain shabby, not at all like any of the offices in father's stationery shop back home. Grubby walls with a few unframed pictures tacked around, a rail and one chair. That was all.

I was received by an untidy boy who kept his hat on while he grunted,

"Whadya want?"

"I—I called in answer to your

advertisement," I said faintly.

"Oh, yep," he said and disappeared into an inner room. When he reappeared he ushered me into the private office with a perk of a dirty thumb.

Mr. Knapp Receives Me

AT AN untidy desk sat a sleek, oily looking young man, whose name I learned afterwards was Mr. Knapp. He was very busy sorting some papers on his desk and did not look up. I stood first on one foot and then on the other. But Mr. Knapp went right on sorting. Finally—

"Well, what can I do for you?" still without looking up.

"Why, I called in answer to your advertisement," I explained again.

"Oh. Oh yes. Well, that caste is complete. But I am casting for thirty-eight studios and shall be needing a great many people next week. Had any experience?"

"No, but your advertisement says experience is not necessary" I reminded him, my hopes falling.

"That's so. But you have to know how to make up. That's very important."

"Oh dear," I said. "Is it very difficult to learn?"

Make-up Course is Necessary

"Not very, but it requires special training," said Mr. Knapp, smiling at me in a way I did not like and knew Jimmy would never approve of. "All the stars have to make up their own faces before they go before the camera, you know. You would have to, too. Especially if you are interested in good parts. Would you be interested in a part at, say, \$150 a week?"

\$150 a week. Was I interested? I informed him breathlessly that I certainly was. He smiled at me again and said,

"Of course I could send you out today in a mob scene, but a nice girl of refinement like yourself would not like such rough stuff. And it only pays \$3.50 a day anyway."

"Oh, but I wouldn't mind" I assured him. The chance at a job right away looked good to me. "I wouldn't mind the mob a bit."

"No, no, you couldn't consider a mere \$3.50 a day, a nice, refined girl like you. Why, all the studios are looking for girls of just your type."

I was so happy! I was so *glad* that I had had the courage of my convictions to come to Hollywood. To think that I was just the type they were looking for!

"You take our course in make-up and I will *absolutely guarantee* you work at \$7.50 a day up, next week, and I will get you a job later at \$150 a week and look after your interests."

I asked how much the course was.

"Only ten dollars down and five dollars later, out of your first salary, if you like," he said kindly.

But fifteen dollars . . . I only had about \$65 left, after paying my hotel bill and my room-rent two weeks in advance and buying a few little things.

"I have only a little capital," I said hesitatingly, "and I have no friends to whom I could appeal. Are you *sure* you can get me the work?"

"Absolutely sure. Get you work right away. Guarantee you a part in three pictures if you join the class tonight. You can make big money!"

I Join the Class

So I paid over the \$15, while he told me again that all the studios were looking for girls of just my refined type.

But that wasn't all. I would have to have make-up material, he said, and I must get it at a certain place. He gave me a little card bearing the device:

Max Factor, 326 S. Hill Street.
Theatrical Make-up.

On the back of the card was a little list of things I had to get, cold cream, powder, make-up, liners, powder-puff, mirror and two towels. Without the mirror and towels, this came to \$2.35. With my money reduced to about \$45 I began to worry a bit, but I kept recalling Mr. Knapp's *absolute guaranty* of work in three pictures.

I was to be at class at five o'clock that afternoon, at the Mason Opera House. But before class-time I went to answer another ad in the Mason building. When I asked the elevator man for the proper floor, he eyed me cynically.

"Answering an ad about the movies?" he asked.

(Continued on page 98)

Has Barbara La Marr Matrimonial Aphasia?



Photo by EVANS

"I am through with marriage," says Barbara La Marr, the much-married star. But is she?

Barbara La Marr says she is through with men. But not until bees ignore the clover and children leave jam-pots untouched on pantry shelves will men be through with Barbara La Marr. She is the woman irresistible.

IF ORMER husbands should have the grace to keep silence in regard to their erstwhile wives, but when one's erstwhile spouse is a famous movie star, the temptation to spill the matrimonial beans must be too hard to resist.

Phil Ainsworth, one-time husband of Barbara La Marr, the year's sensation in movie circles, so far forgot his chivalry as to say, when arrested on a bad check charge, and queried as to his former wife's whereabouts, "I don't know where she is. That woman has matrimonial aphasia."

Probably Phil hadn't consulted the dictionary on just what matrimonial aphasia is. Minus the matrimony, aphasia, according to the dictionary, is:

Loss or impairment of the power of speech.

Now what did Phil mean? Certainly he did not mean that as a married woman Barbara La Marr was at a loss for words. Barbara would never impress any one as ever at any time at a loss for words. Talking is one of the best things she does.

Could he have meant that Barbara suffered from matrimonial amnesia? In view of the dictionary's

definition of amnesia as "loss or impairment of memory; morbid forgetfulness," it is quite likely that Phil simply confused these scientific terms.

For Barbara herself admits that once she is through with a person, he—or she—means no more to Barbara than a candle flame that has been blown out. He simply ceases to exist for her. She does not remember him.

To illustrate her point, Barbara pointed to a pair of giant candles in beaten brass candlesticks on her living room mantel. It is a new house, just moved into, and utterly manless, except for the small new son, who, Barbara says, as she coos at him in orthodox mother fashion, is her only sweetheart.

Barbara is not married and she is not single. There exists between her latest husband, Ben Deely, former vaudeville star, and herself a legal separation, but not a divorce.

Never Again

BARBARA refuses to comment on her married life—or rather, married lives—because, as she says, "I am through with marriage. I do not want a divorce from Mr. Deely. I do not want to be in a position ever to marry again. I want to

forget that there is such a thing as marriage. And since my former husbands have absolutely nothing to do with my present life, and since I have forgotten those very unpleasant experiences, I really couldn't think of anything to say about them."

Barbara's powers of forgetfulness are indeed admirable. And who can blame her for wanting to keep her matrimonial career a thing apart from her movie fame?

But Barbara's life is so in keeping with the Barbara personality, that it is impossible to resist the impulse to tell what we know about her life. The public, in possession of the facts, will certainly feel charitable toward this irresistible woman, little more than a girl in years, who has been wedded four times, and is now "through with men." As to that last phrase, we believe the men will have more to say about that than Barbara. Barbara is one of those women who will always be getting married and unmarried; by no chance will men ever leave her alone. When bees ignore clover, when children leave jam-pots untouched on the pantry shelves, when flappers wear voluminous bathing suits—then perhaps Barbara

La Marr will be allowed to go her way in peace, untroubled by masculine importunities.

First

BARBARA LA MARR began life twenty-six years ago, the daughter of a French mother and an Italian father, but never knew her own parents. She was adopted by people named Watson, and from them got the prosaic name of Reatha Watson. Imagine "Reatha Watson" as the alluring lady of *Trifling Women!* The name, however, served all practical purposes, and was changed when Barbara was only sixteen to Mrs. Jack Lytelle.

At this period of her life, an incident happened which has given her more incorrect press notices than if she had robbed a bank.

Barbara, as she herself tells the incident, was used, because of her peculiar and arresting type of beauty, as an artists' model. The artists spoke of her, jestingly, she says, as "too beautiful." She was kidnapped, and taken away by people who wanted to collect a ransom from the artists who thought so highly of her beauty. She managed to escape, but was brought before a judge to tell her story. The judge told her that she was "too beautiful" to be alone in a large city. Ever since then, Barbara La Marr has enjoyed the distinction of being the "too beautiful girl," a distinction which is distasteful to her, for it carries a peculiar opprobrium with it.

People go to see a picture featuring Barbara La Marr, and, if they have never seen her before, they look at her very critically and query themselves: "Too beautiful? No, no! Not too beautiful! Pretty perhaps, and fascinating, I grant you, but not *too* beautiful." People who are introduced to her have that question sticking out all over them: "Am I going to find this Barbara La Marr *too* beautiful?" It is a great injustice, Barbara says, and she does wish they would forget that story as successfully as she has forgotten her various matrimonial experiences.

Just what connection there was between her "kidnapping" and her first marriage is not definitely known, but a little over a year after the abduction experience she announced that she had been married

to Jack Lytelle, Arizona rancher, and that she had at that time been a widow for two months. She is said to have declared that he used caveman tactics in his wooing.

Second

IN 1914, after she had figured in the sensational flight of an Italian lawyer named Riccardi, in



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

"Since my own little baby died, my arms have been so empty, so aching for the weight of a little body," Barbara La Marr said.

some nebulous capacity, not fully touched on by our informant, Barbara again married, but soon discovered that her husband, Lawrence Converse, was a victim of "matrimonial amnesia," to quote his own explanation, since he had a wife and three children elsewhere. The marriage was annulled, and Barbara enjoyed single-blessedness for two whole years. Although she had been twice married, she was only seventeen when her marriage with Converse was annulled.

Third

BARBARA was nineteen years old when handsome Phil Ainsworth, a chorus man, captured her girlish fancy. But Phil sought and obtained a divorce two months later, naming Robert Carville, a dancer as co-respondent.

Was Barbara testifying to her regard for this co-respondent when she named her recently adopted baby Ivan Carville La Marr? Probably it is only a coincidence, for Barbara has a life-long friend named Virginia Carville, for whom the baby is undoubtedly named.

Not long ago Phil Ainsworth,

Barbara's third husband, was arrested on a bad check charge, and made the now famous remark that opens this story. But it seems that Converse, husband number two, beat him to it. A husband that will steal another husband's best lines in regard to their mutual wife is certainly not our idea of a gentleman.

Fourth

BARBARA herself says that she considers that she has had only one husband. You can easily get her viewpoint. The first three were so very temporary. Not one of them lasted more than a few months. Probably the Arizona ranchman was never really her husband. Converse recovered his memory in regard to the existence of a previous wife and three children very soon after their "marriage." All told, out of her first three marriages, Barbara netted little more than a year's wedded life.

But when she married Ben Deely, actor and famous on the vaudeville stage for his black face roles, she learned what real happiness meant. The other three attempts at married happiness had been abortive and hideously disappointing. The woman who married Ben Deely was little more than a child in years. At twenty, most girls are just beginning to wonder when those lovely things in the hope chest will be used. At twenty Barbara La Marr for the fourth time promised to love, honor and obey, until death parted her from the object of her vows.

And Barbara La Marr—by the way, the name was adopted while Barbara danced in a Los Angeles cafe, about the time of her third marriage—knew happiness with Ben Deely. She was immensely proud to be known as the wife of Ben Deely, famous blackface comedian. It is said, by a friend who has known and loved Barbara all her life, that she had dozens of photographs of herself made and sent out to Ben Deely's friends and admirers, writing across the face of the pictures, "Sincerely yours, Ben Deely's wife."

This friend of Barbara's says that the now famous "vampire" loved her husband—we mean her last one—devotedly. He was the father of the baby boy that died two years ago. When she speaks of Ben Deely, she

does so with misty eyes and softened voice.

A separation became necessary in Barbara's opinion only after Barbara had begun her studio work. She wrote originals for Fox, and as a scenarist made quite an enviable reputation. It is said that Deely humiliated her by coming to the studio drunk, and that his jealousy was easily aroused by her screen work. Barbara is sincerely regretful over her shattered romance. But she will not talk about it.

"I feel that my marriage is strictly my own affair," she says, "and that the public should not be interested in the reasons why I am at present unmarried and determined to stay unmarried."

But the public *is* interested in anything that concerns Barbara La Marr, screen beauty and our most potent vampire. For every one of Barbara's experiences has left its mark on her personality. As a vampire, we should say she has had about the most successful and specialized training of any of our film excitors. She learned all the rudiments of the game before she was twenty years old, and now at twenty-six, a graduate of the modern school of film vampire technology, she is showing the world just how husbands and lovers may be acquired.

At that, we doubt if Barbara La Marr ever had to *learn*. Her parents started this vampire career by mixing romantic French blood with passionate Italian corpuscles, and then foisted their offspring upon a world, parentless. The artists for whom the child Barbara—or Reatha as she was known then—posed probably fed her childish mind with the free and easy sex patter of the studios. Undoubtedly she stirred their blood, blase as they were, as they modeled her exquisite face in oils or clay.

Barbara is the type that matures early. In her are the ripe graciousness of Italy, the subtle mystery of France, the emotional impulsiveness of a DuBarry, the warm, languorous grace of Naples, and the almost brusque frankness of a disillusioned American girl.

Barbara's appearance is belied by her manner. Whether her extreme frankness and vigor of speech are a pose to cloak her romantic mind and heart, or whether her appeal is wholly of the body and

not of the mind, where romance is concerned, will probably not be decided until Barbara has written several more volumes of screen history. As for her doing that, bank on it. Barbara is the one irrepressible element in the motion picture world, as far as feminine charms are concerned. You can no more hold her down than you can take the flapper's mind off Valentino. In fact, Barbara is to the

screen exactly what Valentino as a man is. And just as men have to admit that Valentino has his "moments" and that he is a polished gentleman on the screen, so do women join in the chorus of praise that has suddenly been raised out of nothing into a mighty volume, extolling the fascination of Barbara La Marr.

Sex Appeal

BARBARA'S appeal is of course ninety per cent sex appeal. She is a glorious body vitalized with sex. Valentino is the only other person on the screen who can touch her for sex attraction.

Her four husbands attest the potency of this appeal, more sudden in its effects than hasheesh and twice as pleasant.

Barbara herself in analyzing her own appeal, at the request of the interviewer, says she believes it is due to the overdeveloped mother instinct within her.

"I could not rest, day or night, without a baby in my arms. I have never wanted anything in my life as badly as I wanted a child of my own. God gave me one and took him away. These last two years have been so empty that my arms ached for the weight of a little body—not for the embrace of a man. I have waked up in the night, to find myself rocking a dream baby in my arms."

Barbara La Marr holds her new little son close in her arms as she talks, looking like one of Raphael's madonnas. Sometime someone is going to write a story around Barbara La Marr, the madonna, placing her in an Italy of bygone days, giving her the quaint clothes of that strictly feminine era, and bringing out every phase of that beauty which blends the best of Italy and France. Barbara is already wearing her hair in the Raphaelian Madonna style—parted in the middle and drawn severely, cap-fashion, around her beautiful face, and gathered in a large coil at the nape of her neck. None but a perfect profile, divine eyes and characterful eyebrows could stand such a test of beauty. Barbara not only stands it but is so triumphantly beautiful that every fluffy-headed ingenue would love to copy it—and can't.

(Continued on page 95)



Photo by MILLIGAN

The mother-heart's wish is fulfilled. Barbara La Marr has adopted a six-months' old baby boy, Ivan Carville La Marr.

The Legs that Wrecked a Truck



A PRETTY GIRL.

A muddy street.

A daintily lifted skirt.

And crash! Two great two-ton trucks bit the dust!

Who was to blame for the collision? The pretty girl who didn't want to get her skirt muddy? Or the too-interested drivers?

That's what the court will have to decide.

Page King Solomon!

It's really an intricate problem. This is the way it happened:

Pretty Helen Holt was leaving the studio, after a hard day's work. She was tired; being an extra girl is no easy life. The director had been fussier than usual. The lights on the set had been so hot that her make-up had melted twice. And the ballet-costume they had given her made her look fat, absolutely *buxom*, my dears! No doubt about it, Helen was low in her mind.

The Street Was Muddy

THE street was very muddy, after the manner of Californian streets.

So Helen lifted her skirts well above the danger line. With work so scarce and all, a girl has to take care of what clothes she has . . . and Helen had nothing to conceal.

That was when the crash came!

An Appreciative Audience

HELEN turned around to see two big trucks in mortal combat, apparently. A big truck belonging to the George L. Eastman Company had struck a Hollywood Dye Works truck square amidships.

The drivers, it appeared, had been so interested in the exposure of Miss Holt's visible means of support that neither of them saw the other in time to avert the crash.

The Old Alibi

BUT from Adam's time, men have been buck-passers, so when the Eastman Company sued the Hollywood Dye Works for the damage done to

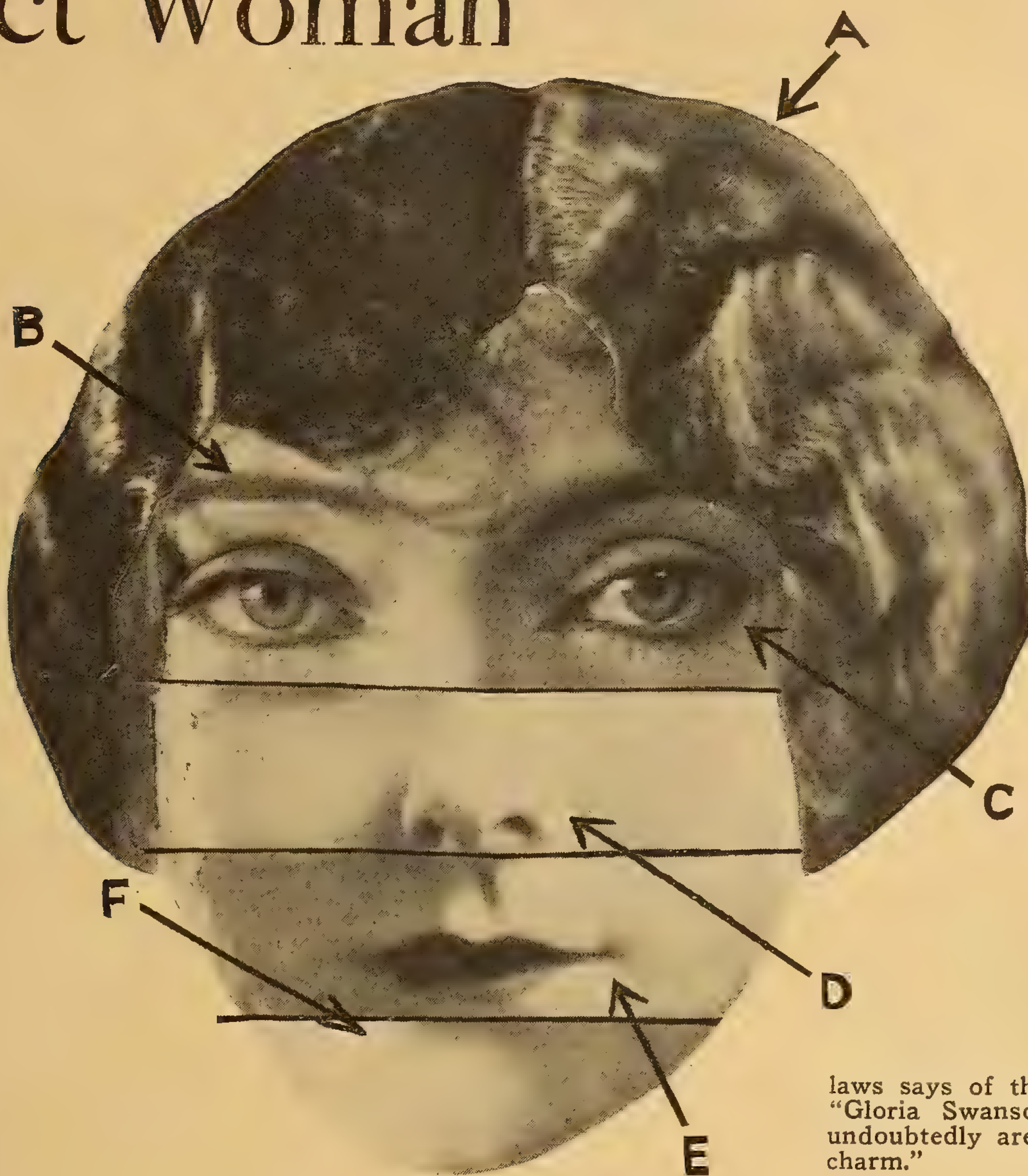
their truck, they charged Miss Holt with being partly to blame for the accident.

"If those old truck drivers were looking at me so hard that they ran into each other, it certainly isn't my fault," says Miss Holt with justice.

Which seems perfectly true. But looking at the—er—evidence from a perfectly unbiased standpoint, it seems that the drivers cannot be wholly blamed, either. It's a problem, really.

Please page King Solomon!

Penryhn Stanlaws' Perfect Woman



*Assembled
by the
Office Boy*

PENRHYN STANLAWS started something when he wrote that extremely frank and revealing article for January SCREENLAND, picking our most cherished illusions to pieces. What agony for the unsophisticated to find that Gloria Swanson has a head that is too ponderous for her height! That Betty Blythe's superb figure is muscle-bound in the hips! That Shirley Mason has horse nostrils! It was too much, too much!

Sensing our pain and bewilderment, Artist Stanlaws kindly pointed out, in February SCREEN-

A—Bebe Daniels' hair. Stanlaws says of it: "Lovely hair, soft, black, thick and luxurious."

B—Nazimova's eyebrows. The artist says of them: "Nazimova's eyebrows are a distinctive feature. She has a remarkable control of the muscles of the brow, which enables her to express herself with her eyebrows as other people do with words."

C—Gloria Swanson's eyes. Stan-

laws says of these famous orbs: "Gloria Swanson's oriental eyes undoubtedly are the basis of her charm."

D—Ruth Roland's nose. "In the upper part of Ruth Roland's face lies her greatest charm. It is expressed in a charmingly proportioned nose—" etc., according to Mr. Stanlaws.

E—Viola Dana's mouth. "Viola Dana has a delightful little mouth."

F—Betty Compson's jaw and chin. "Her whole face is artistically shaped and exceptionally well modeled, particularly the chin and jaw-bone."

LAND elements of beauty in the stars he had found flaws in. We are all feeling much better, but agree with the office boy, who says he can't be reconciled until he sees a perfect woman.

Gathering a bunch of photographs of stars together—stars of whom Stanlaws has found something kind to say—we turned the pictures over to the office boy and let him assemble a "perfect woman."

Her hair may not match her

eyes, and her eyes may give the lie to her chin, and her pouty little mouth may be extremely surprised to see itself beneath a nose like that, and the arms may be a mite too long for the legs, and the legs may be a little indignant at having to support so many stars — we wouldn't be at all surprised if those trim limbs declared a strike—but take it or leave it, here is what the office boy evolved from Mr. Stanlaws' grudging praise of our Hollywood beauties.

How Mack Sennett Picks His Bathing Beauties

*A perfect thirty-six soul is essential,
says screen Ziegfeld. If your soul
has a tendency toward bow-legs,
you're barred*

By CAROL WARREN

LIFE is just one punctured balloon after another, and there's no use trying to Coué yourself into believing otherwise. No sooner do you acquire some perfectly good theory than somebody puts the skids under the whole works and leaves you in a "where-am-I" frame of mind.

Which is merely a prelude to the statement that Mack Sennett, the Ziegfeld of the screen, picks his eye-filling bathing-girls for their *beautiful souls*.

Laugh that off!

Where Did They Come From?

THERE used to be various theories about where the pulchritudinous maidens that scampered through the Sennett comedies came from. One man who professed to be in the know vowed that Sennett was in cahoots with a pirate who operated along the Pacific coast, and that the girls had been kidnapped from the harem of some old South Sea potentate.

Twaddle, of course. No kidnapper was needed to persuade these beauties to hang their clothes on a hickory limb.

Our theory was that Mack Sennett was a man with an eagle eye for a trim limb and a formula for picking eligibles. We suspected him of having some secret mechanical test which none but a ninety-nine per cent Simon-pure Venus could pass successfully.

But according to Mack—and he is the papa—personal pulchritude is only twenty-five per cent of the

WOULD YOU QUALIFY AS A BEACH BEAUTY?

HERE ARE Mack Sennett's measurements, by which he judges aspiring bathing beauties' charms:

Height—not over five feet two inches.

Weight—between 110 and 112 pounds.

Foot size—not over five, preferably four.

The head should be four times the length of the nose. The height should be seven and one-half times the length of the head.

A bathing beauty must walk as if she knows she is beautiful, and

SHE MUST HAVE A BEAUTIFUL SOUL.

Other Qualifications

OF COURSE, when you pin him down to it, Mack admits that there are other qualifications beside soulfulness that his bathing beauties have to possess.

They *must* be slender.

Other lands may admire the plump beauties; in fact history tells us that the real sirens were



The ideal bathing beauty is about the size of the "pony" of the chorus. Mildred June is an appealing bit of cuteness.

voluptuous. But in America, curves are not what they once were, and the film beauty must more closely resemble a young boy as to figure. Lines have supplanted curves.

Stars who keep their natural plumpness in abeyance by fear and fasting tell of a certain picture that was taken to Germany and there exhibited with a minor character as the star, because the real star was too slim for the German taste.

The girl who hopes to win fame under the Sennett banner, must not



Mack Sennett, the Ziegfeld of the screen.

With half a dozen Cooper-Hewitts beating full upon her, she has about as much chance to conceal even a mole on her ankle as Mary Pickford has to escape the income tax collector. Sometimes a pretty girl screens horribly. Sometimes a moderately pretty girl screens like a million dollars. In that case, providing her height and weight—and soul—are right, she is slated for fortune and perhaps fame.

Sex Appeal Not Necessary!

BUT what about sex appeal? Surely, in a bathing beauty. . . .

But no. Mack Sennett declares *he doesn't even know what it is!*

Now of course, nobody has ever drawn a picture of sex appeal. Nobody has ever weighed, measured or taken its finger prints. We know it has something to do with that come-hither look in Valentino's eyes. But as for doubting its existence, why, it's impossible. We admit it and speak of it in the casual way that we say, "Isn't Nita Naldi getting fat?" or "Aren't you glad that Bert Lytell is letting his hair grow dark again?" So when Mack Sennett, who has literally picked enough chickens to feather a large nest comfortably, denies that he uses sex appeal as a qualification—why, we ought to believe him, perhaps, but we don't.

Ideal Measurements

THE ideal bathing beauty is about the size of the "pony" of the chorus.

Her height should be seven and one-half times the length of the head.

Her head should be four times the length of the nose.

The arms, hanging straight at the sides, should be three-fifths the length of the body.

And she must carry herself as if she knows she is beautiful. No bathing beauty of Mack Sennett's affects the debutante slouch. She must have a straight back and must walk erect.



Phyllis Haver is taller than the ideal bathing beauty, being five feet six in height, but her grace and beauty make up for an excess in inches.

Venus Is Passé

SENNETT wants no Venuses around his lot. Venus was the Lillian Russell of her day, doubtless, but no up-and-coming bathing beauty would be found dead with a waist or hips like hers.

Once the bathing beauty has been approved by the *maestro* of the Sennett studio, it is a constant battle for her to retain that shapeliness. She must exercise and she must diet; she must wage an endless war against avoirdupois.

For this purpose, there is a gymnasium at the studio, and a swimming pool. Between scenes or at the lunch hour, the wise actress will take a turn with the Indian clubs or the medicine ball. The exercise



Photo by EVANS

One of the most delectable of the Sennett beach babies, Harriet Hammond. A typical bathing beauty.

be over five feet two inches in height. And she must weigh somewhere between 110 and 112 pounds.

Phyllis Haver is Exception

PHYLLIS HAVER is one exception to this rule. Phyllis is tall for a bathing beauty, measuring five feet six and one-half inches. But she is slender, weighing only 122. She was so graceful, however, and so charming that she was taken on in spite of her height. Phyllis is a luscious eyeful, and an armful as well. In addition to which, she can act, the darlint! Wherefore the canny Mack Sennett is starring her.

A searching screen test is the next step in the examination of the aspiring bathing beauty. She is clothed only in a one-piece bathing suit.

not only keeps her fit, but gives her grace. Aesthetic dancing is splendid for this also.

The Entree to Fame

THE road to fame, via the Sennett lot, has been taken by many of our leading dramatic stars today. Mack Sennett, indeed, holds the palm as a discoverer and developer of feminine talent. His only rival is C. B. DeMille. Out of the ten girls who constituted the famous first set of bathing beauties, at least five have attained stardom. The other five are almost over the top.

Gloria Was Sennett Girl

GLORIA SWANSON was a bathing beauty once. If you saw her in *The Gilded Cage*, you saw two good reasons why. Gloria needs no introduction now except to say that in some scenes she wears less clothes now than she used to do in her bathing-girl days.

Delightful Mabel Normand is one of the few who have attained stardom and still remained under the Sennett management. Still flushed with the success of *Suzanna*, Mabel is beginning work on a picture tentatively titled *Mary Ann*.

Alice Lake Was Beach Girl

ALICE LAKE is another dramatic star who was once a beach baby under Sennett. That was when

Alice Lake was one of the first set of bathing beauties made famous by Mack Sennett. That was when she was slimmer. Drama permits of more avoirdupois than comedy.

Photo by WITZEL

Alice was slimmer than she is now. Drama permits more avoirdupois than comedy, it appears.

The modern bathing girl wouldn't be found dead with a waist and hips like the Venus de Milo's. Dolly Bealle's slim figure is much more appealing today.



Phyllis Haver took a fling at dramatic action in *The Christian*, just to show that she could do it. Then she came back to the Sennett lot, where she is making her first starring picture, called *The Extra Girl*. It will be a comedy, and we are hoping that Phyllis will don the old bathing suit in at least a few scenes.

Marie Burns Her Suit

MARIE PREVOST shocked a sorrowful world when she burned her bathing suit and announced that never would she don it again for any but sanitary purpose; i. e., recreational bathing strictly non-professional. Her beach antics had delighted her public more than her dramatic efforts, since. Should Marie repent her crool deed and go back to beach comedies, a grateful populace would give three cheers!

Harriet Hammond, one of the most delectable blondes of the beach squad, has essayed flights into dramatic fields, as has Mary Thurman.

All these lovely ladies, mind you, were slim, petite, pleasantly conscious of their pulchritude. And surely their souls were all that could be desired.

They had to be. For the relentless eye of the camera reveals insincerity of thought and shallowness of soul as unsparingly as it reveals bodily blemishes. And you can't put any make-up on your soul!

Kathryn McGuire, another proof that Mack Sennett is an excellent picker of pulchritude.

Photo by EDWIN BOWER HESSER





Would you ever believe that this was the demure little sweetheart in "The Girl I Loved," Patsy Ruth Miller?

The Beauty Strippers

"WHERE there's beauty we take it; where there's none we make it," is the naive slogan of the small-town photographer. Every giggling girl who comes in to get her picture made, coyly suggests that he will have to "make it" and he, wearily following the cue, says protestingly that he will only have to "take it." That slogan has served many a photographer well; it is a shame to supplant it with a new one, which is in vogue in Hollywood "art studios," as photographers' galleries are invariably called here.

If you want to be dubbed a provincial from Podunk, Vermont, you will walk into an art studio and tell the haughty young lady in charge that you believe this is a photographer's gallery and you want a dozen "cabinet pictures" taken.

But the slogan—"Where there's beauty we strip it; where there's none we clothe it," might be written over the door leading into the inner shrine of almost every art studio in Hollywood.

You see instantly how it works, of course. If a photographer suggests that those lovely curves, that virginal beauty of line, should not be hampered with drapery, the girl

instantly knows that he considers her a beauty. Else why strip her? If a girl is not asked to show at least her shoulders and back, she is likely to leave in a huff, sure that the photographer does not consider her beautiful enough to strip. Be it said

that few "professionals," as the picture folk are always called, leave in such a huff.

Stripping Ingenues

THIS passion for nude photography is intensely surprising to the lay residents of Hollywood, and to the world outside. One would think that only the siren type would want her body photographed in the "altogether." But it doesn't work out that way. The demurest little ingenue, who, on the screen, must be clothed completely and modestly, trips into an art studio, to get her pictures taken, for publicity purposes. She sweetly lisps out her demure ideas as to art studies, but the photographer, casting a knowing eye on the slim little figure that the new draped models for morning and afternoon wear so charmingly hint at, tells her that he sees in her possibilities for one of those "artistic studies" that he has been making for magazines, calendars, etc. The girl has to be coaxed quite a while for her first nude "study," but the next time she visits a gallery she suggests that the artist pose her as Aphrodite, or Diana at the bath, or something like that, her mythology being very hazy. That first "art



Ruth Hullman is gaily unconscious of the fact that her costume is airily composed of a string of beads and a strip of studio gauze.



Photo by EVANS

That good old stuffed parrot on its wicker stand — how many Hollywood beauties have coyly confided girlish secrets in its unhearing ears! The coy confider in this photograph is Ruth Roland.



Photo by SPURR

Billie Dove, who, outside the photographer's studio, is as modest as her name, is here clothed only in a studio prop and a beauty spot. She is probably as surprised at herself as she looks.



Photo by GRENBEAUX

It took two batiks and a string of beads to provide this interesting costume for Ann Perdue.

study" is made with a very soft focus, so that the little virginal body is hardly to be discerned among the mists and clouds and apple blossoms with which it is blended.

But as the ingenue goes on and on, this passion for the nude study grows on her, and sharper and sharper becomes the focus, so that at last, every "wrinkle and secret of her," as Rupert Brooke says, is given to the public.

Wait, not to the public, unless her face is coyly hidden. For nudes are not "good publicity" for the ingenue. Along with the nudes are taken some more conventional poses—such as a "bust" picture—pardon the vulgar term, but what does one call them now?—with a fan held modestly against the bosom. Sometimes she borrows a Persian kitten, or a tiny monkey, which she nestles up close to, or strokes lovingly, showing her highly manicured, tapering fingers. And the photo is subsequently sent out by her publicity agent as "Lovely Little Dolly Dimple, the screen's most beloved ingenue, caught in a pensive moment, with her adored pet, which she has named for Charlie Chaplin, Dolly's favorite actor." Or something like that. Maybe she wears a spray of apple blossoms, with the

light making a halo of her fair, curly hair. At any rate, pictures to be published are usually the personification of modesty and ingenuous artlessness.

For Private Delectation

ONE must conclude that the nude "art studies," to which she becomes addicted, are collected for private enjoyment. Probably when the ingenue gives a party, she passes the "art studies" round the circle of her tea-drinking friends, and earnestly asks their opinion on the art of the pictures.

"Of course, I would not have anything suggestive taken," she says deprecatingly. "But I don't think these are suggestive at all! I would do anything for art. Only the evil-minded would see anything suggestive in these, don't you think?" And her guests agree with her. And if they are very enthusiastic over the pictures—from the standpoint of art, of course—the little ingenue gives them their choice of the "studies."

The "hostess" of one of Hollywood's busiest temples of photographic art tells of a rising young ingenue who had only "bits" and small parts, but who wanted to in-

trigue directors with some very "different" pictures.

"How she figured that it would help her to get a job as ingenue is more than I can tell," says the studio hostess, "but she had only nude pictures made to show casting offices and interested directors. She came for the proofs, and if you know anything about nude photographs, you know that the proofs are—well—not fit for publication, if you know what I mean. There is more retouching to be done to a nude photograph than anyone would imagine. As hardened as I am, I don't like to look at the proof of a nude portrait. Every wrinkle, every bit of rough skin, every blemish shows up, exaggerated. And let me tell you this, human skin in a sharp focus picture simply isn't pretty. Well, this young player brought three men along with her to help her judge the proofs. Unblushingly she showed proof after proof of nude studies, and discussed the 'points' quite without embarrassment."

By the way, those nude studies must have been very potent, for the girl has landed real ingenue parts—second leads with vampire stars—and is getting more and more demure every day—as far as the public sees.

Same Medicine For All

Few photographers seem to sense any real difference in types. Modest little ingenues, matronly character actresses, womanly women, and vampires are ground out of the beauty mill in exactly the same way. The same props are used for Claire Windsor, the screen's most womanly woman, and for Barbara La Marr, our most potent fascinator. Regardless of her real appeal, which is that of the home-loving young matron, who goes through the picture as an uncomplaining and almost too sweet martyr, Claire Windsor in a photographer's is stripped and then decorated with the same strips of luminous cloth and wicker trays that are used to show off Betty Blythe's more flamboyant charms. Claire admits that so nearly nude was she in a certain series of "art" studies that the slipping folds, hiding only enough of her body to keep the portrait from being characterized a nude art study, had to be secured with postage stamps. Claire's slim body had not enough curves to support the retiring but necessary bit of cloth.

Betty Compson, whose charms are never unduly advertised on the screen, is another favorite subject of

the photographer who likes to strip 'em. And who would dream that Patsy Ruth Miller, the demure little sweetheart in *The Girl I Loved*, would borrow the strip of black velvet, leaving off her own nice little girly clothes? But one and all, they fall—for art.

Perhaps it is unfair to blame the photographer too seriously. The girls demand something very artistic, don't you know, and to the photographer, more art lies in a strip of luminous cloth or a swathe of black velvet cunningly placed, than in a whole trunkful of Parisian clothes.

Photos a Necessity

ONCE a year the average woman decides that she looks really stunning in that new velvet dress, or in the peach-colored evening gown, or in the cunning little Easter hat, and she hies herself to a photographer, who is expected to catch that new fashion and preserve it for the delectation of the sitter's family, forever and aye. For a family photograph can never under any circumstances be destroyed. It must be kept available, so that if Aunt Minnie says to Niece Dorothy, "Where is that cabi-

net photograph of myself I gave you last Christmas? You remember, the one with the rose in my hair and my blue evening dress," then Niece Dorothy can pull it out of the album where the other family atrocities are kept and say, "Here it is, Aunt Minnie. Don't you think Thompson does better work than Guerber? I think I'll go to him next time."

But a picture for a professional is merely part of the daily routine. A motion picture star almost never passes an "art studio" without going in to have a few more poses "shot," or to order a few more of that last set, or to arrange an appointment for a sitting next week. She visits the photographer more often than she does the beauty parlor—or as often, for a very successful trip to the beauty parlor automatically suggests an appointment with the photographer who "really understands" her and can bring out all her best points. That lovely marcel just must not be wasted. So she sallies forth to the photographer's studio, sheds all her accoutrement but her smile and her pearls, and allows the radiance of

Three "props"—a strip of luminous cloth, a wicker tray and a batik are all that are required by the pert art photographer. Here you see the batik and Claire Windsor.

Why are professional photographs more interesting than ordinary ones? The camera-wise actress knows how to calcimine her skin to photograph satiny and can focus her eyes on a wall and look as emotional and happy as if gazing into the Sheik's eyes. Witness Barbara La Marr.

Theodore Roberts without his cigar would be practically unrecognizable. He is rarely photographed without it.



Photo by HOOVER



Wardrobe department of the Beauty Strippers' Emporium.

her newly marcelled hair and her bella-donnaed eyes to clothe her.

Special Rates

THERE is something so alluring in the phrase, "special rates to professionals," that even those who are not at all successful in pictures are constantly being photographed. Non-professionals like their photographs all dressed up in fancy folders, especially the kind that, flap stuck in just right, forms a standing easel—you know. But the professionals scorn such trappings. The real professional—of long experience—takes her finished prints in the glazed finish, so they will reproduce well in newspapers and magazines. The soft, hazy finish is more attractive, but does not show up well in print. A photographer knows immediately just how long a girl has worked in pictures by the way she orders her prints.

An old-timer orders from a hundred to a thousand of a favorite pose. Mary Pickford buys the negative from the photographer and has the printing done in her own laboratories, making sometimes as many as five thousand of an especially happy pose.

But the beginners order a dozen, or not more than twenty-five, and ask for the soft finish, because they make the subject look prettier. And for casting office and service bureau purposes, the soft finish are really preferable. They show up the subject in the best manner.

An extra calls at all the agencies, and at all the casting offices of studios, leaving a photograph—or half a dozen different poses—at each place. Naturally the proceeding costs money.

Paying the Price

THERE is a recognized flat rate of twenty dollars for twenty-five pictures, unmounted, to professional picture players. But if the prospective star thinks so highly of her own beauty that she is willing to pay the price, she can have pictures that cost as high as \$135 a dozen—and often does. Girls come out with a good-sized bank roll, coaxed from wealthy parents, or saved up from the good old pay envelope, and they rightly figure that beautiful photographs will get them farther along the road than anything else. Photography should rank next to motion picture making as the most remunerative business in Los Angeles. The photographer for the non-professional public can count on not more than a yearly-repeat business, but the "professional" photographer can count on an almost monthly repeat of the least important players and of a much more frequent repeat from prominent players. Of course, the players change from photographer to photographer, seeking pictures of perfect beauty. The one unceasing cry is for something "different."

There is a hectic rivalry between these artists of the still camera,

Alberta Vaughan has apparently just started to dress for the ball, and has stopped to muse on how pretty she is, and what a hit she is going to make. But be not deceived. Alberta is in a photographer's studio, and the two little unmentionables are really two strips of cloth, part of the studio's props. The safety pins don't show, but they're there just the same.

which is almost as bitter as the war between motion picture studios.

When a photographer sees a nude study by a brother artist—not that he would call him brother—he shakes his head disparagingly and says, "Very daring—but is it art? Look at those angles!"

The maligned artist casts a critical eye over the dreamy, soft focus "study" that the photographer across the street has hung in his window as a sample of "real art," and says slightly, pityingly, "That chap's just a bug on those cloudy things, isn't he? Why did he get a model with such big hips?"

So keen are the photographers for the patronage of the big stars that they will go to any lengths to obtain a sitting from such people as Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri. It is next to impossible for a new photographer in Hollywood to obtain a chance to photograph Mary. She is addicted to a certain well-known and artistic photographer, from whom she gets the exact type of picture she likes

(Continued on page 90)



ALLA NAZIMOV
PHOTO BY MELBOURNE SPUR





MARIE MOSQUINI
L'ESPRIT DE LA FEMME



LOUISE FAZENDA

Why Some Film Stars Can't Keep Servants

*"Back Stairs Gossip" about
the film elite, by a maid
who has worked for them*

THIS working as a maid in the home of a film star isn't what it is cracked up to be. I know. I've done it.

I'm still doing it, in fact. I am second maid in a big home out in Beverly Hills, where movie magnates are as thick as Scotchmen in Edinburgh. My mistress is mighty nice to me, sends me into town in the car on my day off and gives me clothes that she has scarcely worn. About all the work I have to do is to run a carpet sweeper over the rugs upstairs and keep the baby clean.

But it isn't as easy as that, working for *some* movie stars!

References Required

IN ORDER to land a job with a screen celebrity, you first have to manage to quit some place where you've hated the mistress for a year or two without having any argument, so as to get references. And your references have got to be first-class.

If you've ever been drunk or have been mixed up in any scandal, your chances of getting a job in a film home is nix. These high-up stars only want nice, refined people to work for them!

The agency collects ten per cent of your first month's wages before you even go out to see if you are hired. On your way out to Beverly, you probably thrill at the prospect of an interview with a real star. But you soon discover that few stars ever hire any help, except possibly a steward or housekeeper.

The Steward Is Boss

THE steward takes all the responsibility for the running of the

household. In case any trouble arises, it is the thing to pass the buck to him—because the star must never be blamed for anything. You really work for the steward, and if you think a film star's steward is an amiable person, just try asking for a Sunday off!

It's natural, too. The stars work all week long, while the servants have it easy with the family gone. When Sunday comes, that's their play-time. They keep open house all day and night on Sundays. That means work for the help, of course; everything has to be in first-class order about the house and grounds, and every employee is on the job early and late on that day.

But it is this Sunday work that makes most of the servant problem in Hollywood. The screen people pay the best wages and are mostly good to the help, but all the entertaining on Sunday counteracts the other good points, in the estimations of the servants.

For instance, the little, dark-haired wife of one of our most prominent directors seldom keeps the same cook for two consecutive months. Why?

Well, sometimes the director-husband forgets he is not talking to an extra on the lot when he bawls out the new cook. One cook who quit said she had eaten so much liver at this house that she couldn't stand the sight of it.

She cooked lots of choice food on Sunday when the house was full of guests, she said. But the rest of the week the three servants had to live on liver and left-overs. And generally their meals were pretty scanty, at that. Pastry was a delicacy for company only, and none

of them felt free to eat all they wanted of anything that cost much.

Monday morning, the servants at this house say, the place is all littered up with tobacco ashes and dirty dishes. And when the place is finally cleaned up, it doesn't look like a home; it has the appearance of a once fine place not kept up in first-class shape.

"Pickfair" Is Fine Place To Work

"PICKFAIR," the home of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, is a splendid place to work. Albert, the French steward-butler, sees to it that every one of the nine servants are up at six o'clock on Sunday mornings. He runs that place like clockwork. Albert knows the likes and dislikes of his famous employers, and a "tip" from him has saved many a maid her job.

Douglas is harder to please than Mary, though they are both very particular about everything being kept just so. Mary seldom calls anyone down, but when she does, it hurts.

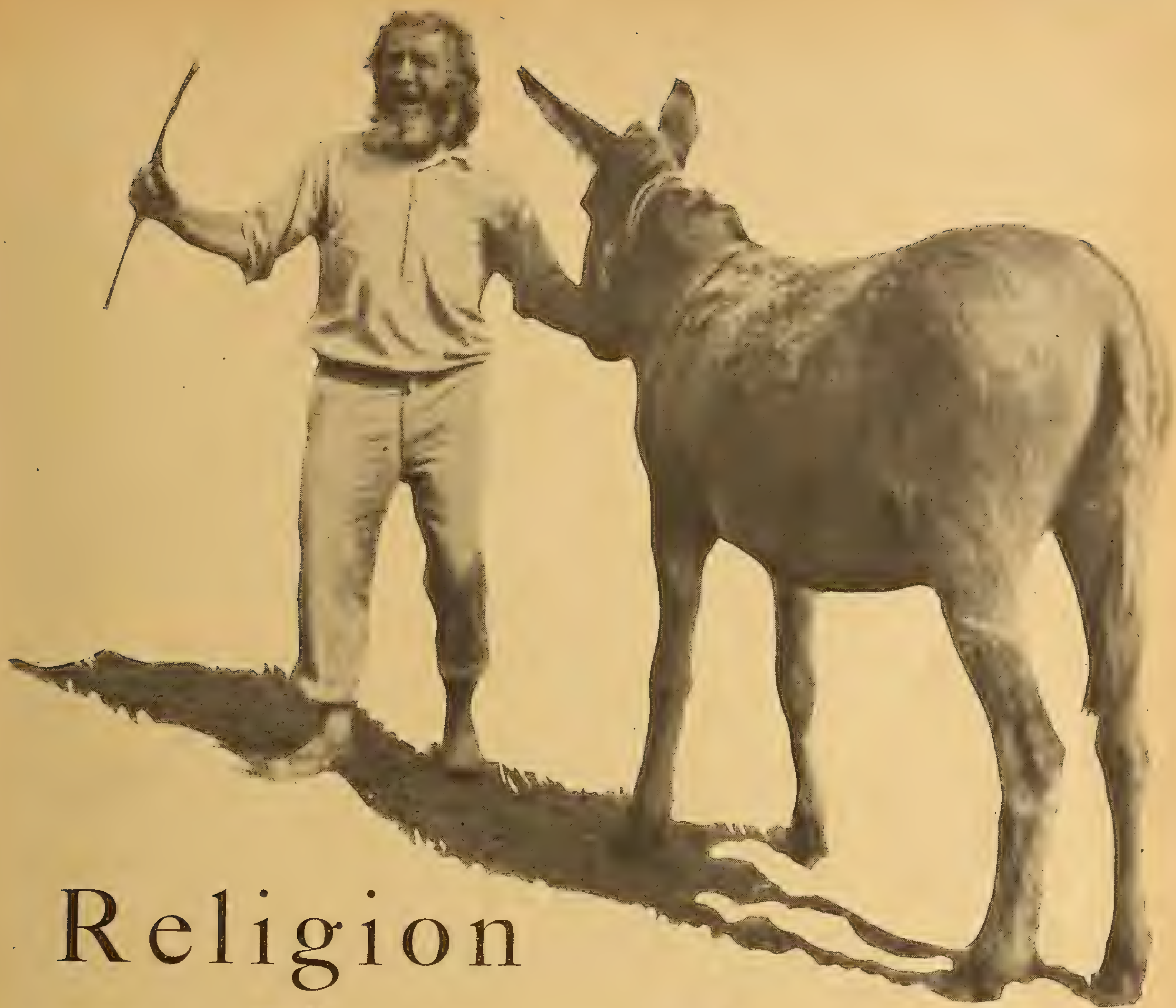
Here is a house where every employee lives well and has little to complain about. Sunday is their hardest day, as in other film homes, but they are paid top wages. That makes up for a lot, when one is trying to buy a home.

Mary pays her cook \$150 a month, with room, board and laundry. Her own laundry bill used to average about \$32 a week. Recently, however, she installed her own modern laundry, with an electric mangle that cost \$225. She keeps a man and wife to do the laundry work.

Moving pictures are shown in the house once a week for all the em-



One well-known woman film star needs a veterinarian, not a nurse. She has a dog that sleeps in a pine-lined bassinet, and the maid has to feed and tend it as though it were a baby.



Religion in *Hollywood*

*All Creeds and Sects Find
Devotees in Film Colony*

By MARTHA MARSDEN

HAVE you ever wondered why the screen stars never give out information relative to their religions? Sometimes it's just because they haven't any, but spend Sunday morning getting rejuvenated for next week's labor of smiling sweetly. But, in many cases, the reason they hesitate to talk upon this subject is its very insecurity; like husbands, religion hereabouts is on-again-off-

again. One may go to bed a Baptist and wake up a Presbyterian.

One week one is a devout worshiper in the orthodox church—next week a Hindu Yogi shows one the error of one's ways in being so plebeian as to drop a nickel in the box to be relieved of one's sins—far better, says the Yogi, to embrace a religion which guarantees one a slim silhouette. Of course, one does

not get the benefits of the Yogi's spiritual guidance in matters of the flesh and the soul for nothing.

Strange Sects

IN ADDITION to the old reliables, all the freak religions on earth are congregating in Los Angeles, possibly lured by the volatile temperament of screen actors, the hectic emotional aura that pervades

Hollywood, the general feeling of transience.

Always there is something new; our gilded darlings tire quickly of a stereotyped routine, seek new outlet for their emotional repression. Being pure and sweet—don't they admit it themselves?—this high-keyed sentence expresses itself in a fervid response to religion.

For the old reliables we have the highest praise. Baptist, Presbyterian, Catholic, Congregational and all their sisters and brothers in the world of creed—they have done a good work; they are the conventional background of life, the staff upon which our forbears have leaned since the light of redemption was first brought us; and we have no quarrel with them. Nor with the newer creeds which develop self-control and self-dependence, an understanding of the beautiful and finer things of life, such as Christian Science, New Thought and kindred beliefs. Over half the picture people are Scientists. Conrad Nagel and others usher in that church. To its influence may be laid much of the growth of the motion picture industry. Its converts are optimistic, healthy in soul and in body; and, while we may not agree with it in all the tenets that it propounds, we give it our sincere respect.

Moths About a Candle

It is at the sensational religions that abound in Los Angeles, the moths that flutter about the flame of starshine, eager to grow rich off foolish little minds' foolish idola-

OF EARTH'S NEW

KROTONA INSTITUTE OF THEOSOPHY

2130 Vista Del Mar Ave., Hollywood.
at 3:30 p. m. by Capt. Max Wardall on "MAGIC IN SERVICE." Good Music. Collection.

desire of all n

's problems—Social Wars will
religious. Profiteering
its end.

rding: "A world, a
all these are facing the
ship—in spiritual and

Free public lecture Sunday
"MAGIC IN SERVICE." Good

ATION
HALL

service by
Mrs. Johnson,
Mrs. Evans,
Mrs. EKS

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FIFTH UNIVERSAL
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AUDITORIUM
NDAY, M

SPRITUALIST CHURCH
349 SOUTH HILL STREET

REV. MINNIE M. SAYERS, PASTOR & M.
W. SAYERS and Mrs. HUTCHINSON, and others.
Messages, 3:30, 4:30, 7:45, 8:00.
and others. 3:30, circles. All are wel-

And POWER—TH
Be Born Again.
I. and P. M. Respectively
EDWARD OLIVER TILBURN
SCIENCE
135-64
by Men and Women Who Know

COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCES
337 1/2 South Hill Street.
Night at 8

try, that we smile. When men and women of presumably normal mentality cluster about a Hindu Yogi, their gold and their worship placed at his feet, merely because he expresses those bizarre imaginative qualities which these ordinary girls and boys like to tell themselves accompany their "artistic souls," it is time to call in the psychopaths.

The Swami's Clientele

THE Swami Yogananda talks to a full house at every lecture introducing the Indian Yogis' system of "perfect muscle development by power of the will." The Swami Yogananda, personal representative of Sir Manindra Chandra Nundy Bahador, Maharajah of Kasimbazar, tells our cinema queens that they may become sylphlike as well as graceful and healthy if they will but embrace his religion. He intends founding here a branch-school of the Indian Sat-Sanga, financed by the millions of his Maharajah, who is called "the Rockefeller of India."

Possibly the Swami will annex a few dollars to add to his Maharajah's. For those who benefit by his modern teachings gladly make a "little donation to the good cause." His disciples have grown in number amazingly since his startling announcement that, by the exercise of will power, one can refashion one's frame to suit one's self—and the new styles.

DUB SHULER BOTH HOO

TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH

(Cor. 12th and Flower)

11 a. m. Subject: "How Heavy Is Your Cross?"
7:30 p. m. Subject: "What Will Produce"

PRELUDE SPIRITUALIST TEMPLE OF LIGHT

American Legion Bldg., 327 1/2 S. Hill St. Pastor, Rev. Mary Miller. Services Sunday, 1:30 p. m. Healing class and conference conducted by C. E. Sheppard, Scott Johnson and Mrs. Fallon. 2:30. Remarks by pastor, followed with messages through flowers and ballots by pastor and associates. 4 p. m., circles by Grace Roberts of San Francisco, Mrs. Seybold, Mrs. Herrick and pastor. 8 p. m., inspirational lecture by Rev. Del Herricks, president of C. S. S. A. Messages by Mmes. Puffinberg, Roberts and Miller. Musical program. Wednesday services, 2:30 and 8 p. m., devoted to messages and circles. All welcome.

HOLLYWOOD CONGREGATIONAL
HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD AND SYCAMORE AVENUE.
JAMES HAMILTON LASH, D.D., MINISTER.
11:00 a. m., Sermon Theme, "God." (Third Sermon.)
Moving Picture, "Lavender and Old Lace"
MR. LASH

Another Hindu to whom our silversheet thespians lend attentive ear is the Swami Paramananda of the Vedantic Center, Boston.

Peter the Hermit

WITH the spread of Coué-ism has grown the miracle-idea. Impressionable, these children of illusion flock after Peter the Hermit in the belief that he may cure their tummyaches and make the movies as pure as the fan-magazines say they are.

Now, Peter is a good old soul, harmless as a kitten, and possessing a kitten's powers to perform miracles. He makes no claim to supernatural gifts. He has a beautiful, kindly philosophy of friendship, which in the generosity of his spirit he shares with rich and poor, cinema queen and scrubwoman, alike.

But a group of "financiers" have

ence, the up-and-at-'em advertising spirit has invaded the churches. Such "stunts" as showing Mary Pickford's *Tess of the Storm Country*—widely advertised in the daily press and with posters on the sidewalk—are used to get the folks into the churches.

One advertises: "Modern Substitutes for Christianity are Sunday Evening Motion Pictures!" Need-

knew it must compete with Hindu Yogis and modern fads for the souls of our citizens.

Even in the orthodox churches one seldom hears the old "hell-fire and brimstone" sermons. Modern to the core, our dimpled darlings scorn such antiquated methods of saving their souls. Sermons now follow the keynote of industrial trend.

In a survey of our churches one Sunday I heard bits from the following "sermons": "Is Coué Scientific?", "Did the Flood Ever Happen or Noah and his Ark?", "The Story of a Man with an Ax." A talk on "The Grand Strategy of Evolution" in one house of worship was followed by public and scientific discussion of the subject of whether we came from monkeys or from God.

The subject for another was, "Has

DIVINE HEALING
For Soul, Mind and Body
Normandie
38th St. at
Sunday, May 1
Every Evening at 7:30 a.
The Lord has healed multitudes for whom Special Divine Healing Service is



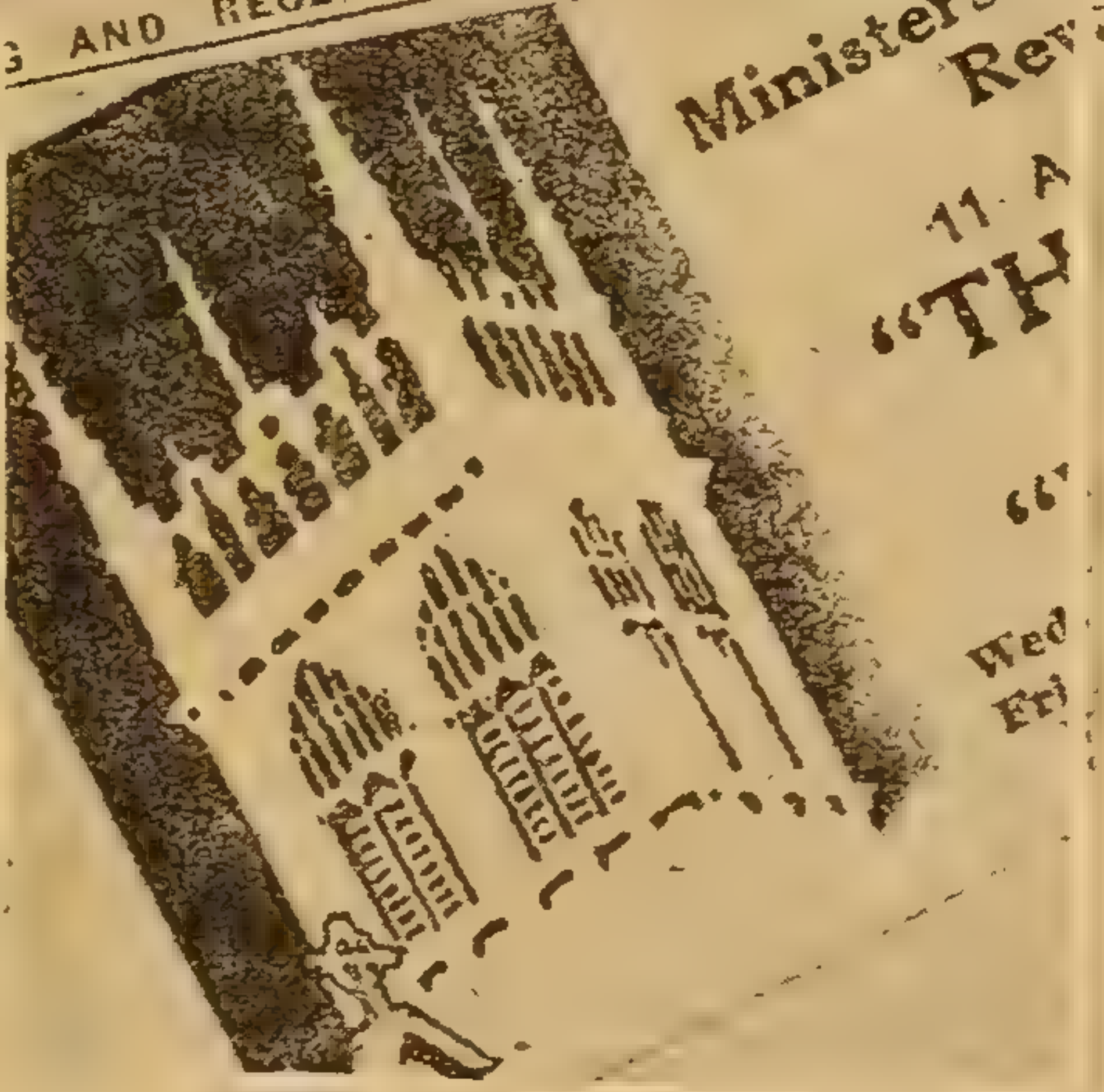
Temple Baptist
DR. BROUGHER PREACHES
11 a. m., "Does Everyone Have
Frank Geiger Sings "I Come
Special Numbers by Quartet
7:30 p. m., Moving Picture
Constance Balfour
mond Harmon
Prelude: "

CHURCH OF DIVINE POWER

LEILA SIMON CASTBERG
CHURCH OF DIVINE POWER
(Advanced Thought)
MOROSCO THEATER
SPECIAL HEALING SERVICE
Tomorrow at 11 o'clock. Subject:
"THE HEALING POWER OF GOD"
Sunday School at 10. Alexander
Claire
conduct the song service at 10:40.

PLAIN TRUTHS MADE PLAIN
COFFMAN CHALK TALKS
and at 8 p. m.
each service. You
about you.
EVERY DAY.
T HALL
room 3.
or.

First Congregational Church
845 South Hope Street
Ministers—Rev. Carl S. Patton, D.D.
Holland F. Burr
by Dr. Patton
"GAIN"



taken good old Peter in tow, advertising him as far as the local authorities will permit as a Miracle Man. They even produced a two-reel picture of Peter as a sort of imitation Joseph Dowling-George Loane Tucker character.

A while back Peter was a hermit, living in the hills, content with his simple existence and the thought that occasionally he made life brighter for some unhappy soul; a picturesque figure in his loose sack-like garment, barefooted. Now Peter has become a personage, worshiped alike by handsome hero and wide-eyed demoiselle. And Peter is wondering what it is all about. . . .

Publicizing Religion

HERE where publicity flourishes, nay where the very breath of life depends upon its glamorous influ-

less to say, this modern house of worship (?) has standing room only, while the pastors down the street orate to empty seats.

These methods are not open to actual criticism; indeed, they get the people into the churches and give the pastors a fine chance. But it seems a pity that the old reliable staff of religion as our grandmothers

Heaven a Daily Newspaper?" The erudite pastor propounded that, "If Heaven has a daily newspaper, its sensational items deal with the enlistment of notorious sinners rather than the alignment of the conventionally respectable." Members of the local press were in the congregation, but screen stars were strangely absent.

Letting His Right Hand Know

ONE enterprising pastor advertises himself as "a man of outstanding personality . . . a man of winsome character and passionate enthusiasm." Another Sunday service drew the crowds with a playlet entitled. *The Pill Bottle*. One advertises monthly "Pessimists' Nights," which are well attended. A still more piquant occasion was
(Continued on page 103)

Movie Murders

Actors are butchered to make a cinema holiday. How life and limbs are endangered to provide screen entertainment is related

By JOHN POWELL BLAINE

THE GOD of the silver screen is a Moloch, demanding tribute of human life.

Thou shalt not kill! That is the law, since Moses engraved the words on tablets of stone. Yet today actors are literally butchered to make a cinema holiday.

We Must Have Thrills

"GIVE us thrills!" the public demands. "Give us suspense, punch!"

So thrills are inserted, until every motion picture flashed upon the screen means the endangering of some human life. Some actor, stunt man or stage hand risked his safety to "put the picture over."

There is a sinister meaning in the presence of doctor and nurse in every studio, in the maintenance of an ambulance for stunt scenes, in the very existence of "doubles," those dare-devils who take the risks the stars must not attempt.

Hardy J. Young, Martyr

HARDY J. YOUNG was a "human fly." His was the fate that awaits all these intrepid souls who defy death to put a "punch" in a picture.

Just at noon on March 5, a white-clad figure that was Hardy started up the face of the Hotel Martinique, on New York's Broadway. On his back was a banner with the device, "Safety Last;" his feat was an exploitation stunt for Harold Lloyd's picture of the same name.

A mass of curious, apprehensive, morbid faces watched him climb. Here and there a woman gasped fearfully as he hesitated in his ascent. Occasionally a man muttered an oath beneath his breath, an oath that was really a prayer. And foremost in the crowd a white-faced woman watched, with growing fear, the climbing figure.

He reached the eleventh story. So far up was he that he looked like a fly indeed, against the sheer face of the building. A biting wind enveloped him. Clinging by fingers and toes, he hesitated, stiffened suddenly, and groped uncertainly for a window ledge and safety.

His fingers closed on the ledge. Then his body sagged strangely, the clinging fingers slipped lingeringly from the wall, twisting and turning with sickening gyrations.

That was all; a blood-spattered pavement, a limp, broken thing on a stretcher, and a white-faced, gibbering wife who had witnessed the tragedy she had dreaded for years.

The human fly had indeed put "safety last."

Death in the Air

ANOTHER victim of the film Moloch was Ormer Locklear, gallant army aviator. He died to provide a thrill for sated theatre-goers who sit safe in their orchestra arm-chairs.

It was while he was doing a difficult stunt picture for Fox that Locklear met the end. For an hour he had soared and dipped and nose-dived in the heavens, while below the camera ground and spectators held their breath.

When the stunt was done—brilliantly—Locklear turned his ship's nose to earth. Then the powerful arc lights rose up to meet him as he swooped—blinded him so that he crashed to earth.

He put a punch in the picture, though he gave his life to do it.

Jean Perkins, Stunt Man

JEAN PERKINS made his living doing stunts for the movies. He came to his death the same way.

Doubling for Bill Desmond, Perkins rode the top of a racing train.

A speeding plane dipped overhead and dropped a rope ladder. Perkins deftly caught the ladder and swung far out from the train. The on-lookers sighed with relief, a sigh that changed swiftly to a groan as the plane spun crazily and crashed to earth. Jean Perkins was buried beneath the wreckage.

He lived a few hours only, another martyr to the Moloch that demands human lives as tribute.

A Fatal Accident

THEY were shooting night stuff on a Hollywood lot, not long ago. It was a rain scene they were making; a powerful wind machine sent the falling "rain" in sheets against the panes of the cabin "set." It was bitterly cold.

A stage carpenter, shrinking away from the icy spray, backed into the wind machine. Its flying propellers cut the man in two!

Wind Machines Very Dangerous

ANOTHER nearly fatal accident that was caused by a wind machine took place during a scene in a studio "tank." A beautiful woman star was supposed to be drowning in the ocean. The wind machine in the tank simulated the waves.

The camera man called his assistant to hold the camera steady. The boy refused to go down into the tank. It was too dangerous, he said.

So another camera boy was summoned. He descended waist deep in the icy water; the wind machine was started up, and the boy, too near the churning blades, had his arm cut off clean at the shoulder.

Two Lives Menaced

DEATH stalked into the Gloria Swanson picture, *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*, when an airplane used in one

of the scenes crashed to earth, killing one man and probably fatally injuring another.

The accident occurred during the filming of what was supposed to be a beach scene in Southern France.

Harvey Pugh, a lieutenant in the army reserve corps, was piloting the ill-fated plane. Chester Williams of San Francisco was a passenger. The pilot was jockeying for a landing when it encountered an air-pocket, went into a swift nose-dive and crashed to the ground.

Williams was crushed to death. Pugh suffered a fractured skull, broken fingers, broken legs, a broken arm and a broken jaw. As this is written, he is lying at the point of death. Moloch is about to feast again.

Injuries Are Frequent

SOMETIMES the rapacious god does not claim a life, but is satisfied with lesser suffering. Seldom is a picture finished without at least one serious accident.

In one episode of a serial picture, Louise Lovely was supposed to be trapped in a burning building. She would run from room to room of a large building, only to be met with flames each time.

Of course she did not do it, herself. She posed for the close-ups and a man, dressed in a blonde wig, braved the flames. And they were real flames. As he emerged from each scene, men waited with wet blankets to wrap around him to put out the flames in his clothing.

When he finished the sequence, he was a mass of blisters.

An Untested Net

IT WAS another fire scene that cost the life of a stunt man, whose name has been carefully concealed. The man had to leap from a lofty balcony to the street below. A fireman's net was provided for him to land in.

He jumped, hit the net squarely—and went right on through to the stone pavement. The studio people had neglected to test the net.



PAGE PHOTO

A typical stunt, showing how human lives are risked for the sake of giving sated theatre audiences a thrill.

Too Much Realism

IN A RECENT picture, the heroine was supposed to have been accosted by three villains. The script required that she draw a gun and shoot two of the advancing men and throw the gun at the third. She did—and the first two men went to the hospital. She aimed the gun point-blank at them and the wadding of the gun wounded the men seriously, one in the jaw and the other in the thigh.

Another incident of too much realism was encountered during the filming of *Three Wise Fools*, at the Goldwyn studio.

Sawed-off shot-guns used by the guards and prisoners in a jail-break scene were loaded with blank cartridges. During the excitement when an armored motor car crashed through a five-inch prison gate, one of the escaping "prisoners" lost his head and fired point-blank at E. B. Johnson, an actor playing the part of a guard.

The gun wadding tore through Johnson's sleeve and penetrated his left arm, paralyzing it.

Harriet Hammond's Injuries

HARRIET HAMMOND, the luscious blonde bathing beauty, was taking part in *The Fast Mail*, a Fox film.



Jesting with death! Ormer Locklear, aviator, snapped while trying to persuade Jack Dempsey to take a ride in the air, assisted by Viola Dana. An hour later, Locklear's plane crashed to earth. The laughing airman died, trying to "put a punch" in a picture for Fox.



Photo by J. C. MILLIGAN

If Jackie Coogan lives to be ten years old, it will be a wonder, says a noted physician of Hollywood. He is almost a nervous wreck, due to too-strenuous living for a little boy, it is said. Jackie is snapped here with Paderewski, the pianist

A large quantity of dynamite was accidentally exploded, so that Miss Hammond narrowly escaped death. She was severely burned.

She has sued the Fox Film Corporation for \$118,500, alleging that she was incapacitated by the explosion from fulfilling a Sennett contract at \$1000 a week.

Serials Cost Many Injuries

SERIAL pictures are especially dangerous to make. Practically every episode of a really "punchy" serial has been made at the risk of human life. A serial's merit is judged by the number of gasps it can elicit from an audience. And it takes a pretty sensational stunt to make a present-day audience sit up and take notice.

In a recent serial the star, a woman, is supposed to ride across a swaying bridge, two feet wide, suspended two hundred feet above an abyss; to leap from a high cliff into a swiftly-running stream; to hang by the hands from a trestle while a train crossed above her; and to narrowly escape from a pack of wolves.

Of course, the girl did none of these things. But the man of about

her build who doubled for her would have met a swift and awful death if a single slip had resulted.

Dared Death by Fire

A "PROP" fire in a William Desmond serial became a real fire that narrowly escaped being fatal to five persons.

The script required that Desmond carry Kathleen Calhoun from a blazing cabin. Flares were used to simulate flames. But the flares actually ignited the woodwork and the hero rescued Miss Calhoun with her clothes ablaze, in good earnest. Desmond was painfully burned, the leading woman was badly scorched, and the director and camera man had to be taken to the hospital.

Tragedy Becomes Comedy

SOMETIMES a narrowly averted tragedy becomes comedy.

In a Louise Lovely serial, the star was supposed to jump from a window to the pavement, 400 feet below. A double did it for her, landing safely in a net. But a close-up of Miss Lovely jumping was needed, so she was "shot" jumping into a net *three feet* below. She *sprained her ankle!*

Gambling with Death

A DIRECTOR, now dead, had to have a plane that would fall to the ground, seemingly wrecked, for a picture. So a stunt man was hired, at \$600 for the feat, to crash a plane to earth. He did and was lucky; he only suffered a broken arm. The chances were nine to one that he would be killed.

A Near Disaster

WHILE filming a circus sequence at the Goldwyn Studio, for Rupert Hughes' *Souls for Sale*, a score of injuries resulted.

A great circus tent was soaked with coal oil. At the proper moment it was set afire; according to orders five thousand "extras" swarmed around the front of the tent, registering panic. Suddenly the panic became terribly real. The flames and smoke made mad the horses attached to the great circus wagons. With the drivers powerless to check them, the maddened animals charged among the extras. Scores fell beneath the flying

hooves and the crushing wheels. No deaths resulted, by a miracle, but at least a dozen serious injuries were incurred. Just one of the unforeseen accidents that happen in every picture.

Bitten by Malamute

WHILE Irene Rich was playing the feminine lead in a Canadian Northwest picture, she was subjected to grave danger of hydrophobia.

Miss Rich was driving a team of dogs, savage Northern huskies, whose wolf blood makes them treacherous. Suddenly two of the huskies began to fight. Miss Rich seized one of the dogs, who sprang at her furiously. The big malamute sunk his fangs in her arm and hung on until spectators forced him off.

Miss Rich was hurried back from Bear Valley to Los Angeles, for preventive treatment against rabies.

Is Jackie Coogan a Nervous Wreck?

IF LITTLE Jackie Coogan lives to be ten years old, it will be a wonder, a prominent physician of



If Tom Mix had been the least bit less bold and the marvellous Tony a bit less sure-footed, two lives would have been snuffed out in this breath-taking leap over a two-hundred foot abyss. From "The Golden God," a Fox picture.

Hollywood is reported to have said. Jackie has had several bad accidents, incurred about the studios, including a bad skull fracture, it is said.

The boy is exceedingly nervous, and has to go to a sanitarium to recuperate after each picture. Occasionally his parents state that Jackie is to go to New York for a nice, long rest. The rest is usually a series of banquets, carefully arranged publicity stunts, and too-late hours for a little boy.

The same physician asserts that not one child actor in the movies is being brought up with proper care for his health and nervous state.

A Mercenary Mother

RECENTLY, the mother of an "extra" child was storming because a studio had only paid her five dollars to let her little girl, three years old, perform a dangerous stunt on a platform twenty feet above the ground.

"They have a nerve to think I'd risk my baby's life for five dollars a day!" she exclaimed.

"But you're perfectly willing to let her risk it for ten dollars, aren't you?" scornfully replied the director, who has a little girl at home himself, who is *never* to have a film career if daddy can help it.

Risks Life for Thrill

THE *Eagle's Talons* a Universal serial picture, requires that a woman drop from a balloon in a parachute. Ann Little, starring in

the picture, is supposed to make the leap. A double, was, of course, substituted.

The balloon swung a thousand feet in the air, when the girl balanced herself on the edge of the basket and launched herself into space. Down she fell, down, down! Would the parachute never open? A terrible period of suspense ensued, until the canvass slowly filled and floated gently to the ground.

Is any motion picture worth such a risk?

Driven to Suicide

DESPAIR, born of inability to get work, drives many a poor actor to suicide. Truly, in the studios, many are called and but few are chosen. The daily round from studio to studio, from agency to agency, with always the same answer, "Nothing to-day," is heart-breaking. And the stage and screen are similar, in that once the lure gets into a man's blood, no other work will do for him.

He will act or he will do nothing.

Despondency, caused by failure to get work in pictures, brought Joe McDermott to the end of the road, in a gas-filled room in a Hollywood boarding-house.

A little note on the dresser told the story:

"Just couldn't make the grade. Feel my mind slipping, and dread the end. May God receive my soul."

As a final tragic touch, half an hour after his body was found, there came the call for which he



Despair, caused by inability to get work, brought Joe McDermott to the end of the road, in a gas-filled room in a Hollywood boarding-house.

had waited so long. A studio asked him to report for work.

Didn't Want to Live

GEORGE MARIAN, an old-fashioned troupier to whom the theatre was life itself, found his health beginning to fail. He knew he could not get work at the studios if his health was poor, and he was 66! So he opened the veins in his wrists.

He had had good parts in *Quincy Adams Sawyer* and *Hearts A Flame*.

Truly, the film Moloch is a rapacious god!

Some Stars Won't Take Risks

SOME stars simply refuse to take any risks at all. Thomas Meighan, it is said, is the most cautious of all the stars. He insists on a double, even for driving a car through heavy traffic. Which in Los Angeles is no inconsiderable risk!

Bill Hart has a double for almost everything but close-ups. Not because he is afraid, but because the years are bearing heavy upon him—Bill is over fifty.

Tom Mix, on the other hand, does all his own stunts. He never has a double.

Let us hope that for his bravery, Tom will never meet the end that comes to most dare-devils.

Let us hope that Tony, Tom's pet pinto, will never go riderless; that the god Moloch will never gain another victim in the gallant person of Tom Mix.



Photo by EVANS

The careless explosion of unguarded dynamite so injured Harriet Hammond that she could not fulfill a Mack Sennett contract as a bathing beauty, she charges. She is shown here before the accident that damaged her beauty.

Baby Peggy

Hollywood's Pride

Peggy shows
Nita Naldi a
thing or two
in the way of
wielding
a wicked fan.



Photo by EVANS

Baby Peggy, "as is,"
screenland's most
diminutive star.



If all Northwest Mounted
Policemen were as attrac-
tive as Baby Peggy, no
wonder they have little
difficulty in always "get-
ting their man."

Photo by EVANS

What Becomes of Beauty Contest Winners?

*Do These Fame and Fortune Contests Bring
Either to the Aspiring Contestants?*

By ELOISE ALLEN



Photo by HESSER

BOUSSUM PHOTO

Winning a "Fame and Fortune" contest has brought Allene Ray neither fame nor fortune so far. She hopes that the long period of apprenticeship is about over now, for she is under contract with Lubin.

Doris Hill's great sad eyes are getting sadder and sadder. She won Allen Holubar's beauty contest in San Francisco in 1921 and has parts in only about three pictures since.

Doris Stone won two beauty contests in England, but found that Hollywood was not particularly impressed thereby. Now, however, Doris is arriving. She has a good part in "Mothers-In-Law," Gasnier's latest, and will also be seen in Schulberg's forthcoming release "Daughters of the Rich."

WHEN Congressman Herrick, representative from Aklahoma, broke into the day's scandal about two years ago as a love-letter writer to would-be screen beauties, he gave as his alibi that he was collecting proof of the pernicious effects of beauty contests on the winners.

He may not have been so insane as he was pictured by gleeful paragraphers who seized upon this rare and juicy item in the news, with all the hungry avidity of starving Armenians.

The Congressman merely made the mistake of getting himself into a ridiculous situation before springing his perfectly sane bill. A Congressman who writes mushy love

letters to beauty contest winners, and signs his own name, makes appointments with them, and continues his love-making in person, is bound to come in for horse laughs and cat-calls from an amused nation. If he had introduced his bill without going to the trouble of securing personal proofs to back it up, he might have had a respectful audience.

Method in His Madness

IF CONGRESSMAN HERRICK was sincere in his intention to put a stop to beauty contests, the man should be regarded as something more than a trapped masher or a busybody bill-maker. Congressman Herrick maintained that beauty

contests were a public menace, both to the morals and success of pretty young girls. He demonstrated that anybody can write to these girls—for their addresses are printed broadcast—and make them all sorts of proposals. Congressman Herrick ought to know! His letters, published in the papers, were sufficient proof of what annoyances can happen to beauty contest winners.

Mr. Herrick believes that a beauty contest puts a girl in an entirely false position. It makes her a target for all sorts of disreputable advertising schemes, lays her open to advances of all kinds, and gives her such a swelled head and perverted idea of her own



Photo by DAY

Charlotte Stevens won the Chicago Daily Journal contest last May and took the first train for Hollywood. She landed a contract with Bobby Vernon and has been working on it ever since.

importance that she is practically ruined for life.

His scheme to prevent such wholesale slaughter of the innocents' morals and manners did not live long in the gust of ridicule which accompanied every word written about it. But it had its points—undoubtedly—as every picture producer on the west coast will gladly tell you.

Hollywood Full of 'Em

For beauty contest winners make up a neat percentage of the female population of Hollywood. Hollywood is held up as the goal toward which all pretty girls should strive. An already glutted beauty market is swelled every year with the season's crop of beauty contest winners. Into a city that boasts more beauty — and more *unemployed* beauty—than any other city in the world, annually come the newest beauty contest winners, armed with one-picture contracts, which are guardedly worded, so that the subject, if absolutely impossible, need not be used in anything but a minor — very minor — role. These contract-bearers are the fortunate ones. The really pathetic stories could be written around the village belles, winners of Elks' contests or Flower Show contests, or chosen as the Queen of the Firemen's ball,

and such other internationally important events.

Beauty in Hollywood is as common as pigtracks in Alabama. As Alma Whitaker said in a previous issue of SCREENLAND, the really plain girl is the only one who has

Gertrude Olmstead was winner in the Chicago Herald-Examiner beauty contest two years ago. She is now under contract with Goldwyn.

Photo by SPURN



Lois Wilson is one of the few winners of beauty contests who have made good in pictures. Oddly enough, Lois does not claim to be a beauty, and forbids her publicity writer to mention the fact that she ever won a contest. Her latest big role was the feminine lead in the Paramount picture, "The Covered Wagon."

a chance to make a sensation in Hollywood.

The prettiest girl of Simsbury, Ill., to crib from Harry Leon Wilson's priceless story of movie life, has small chance in Hollywood, where she competes with the most beautiful girl of France, the most beautiful girl of Sweden, the most ravishing charmer of New York, the most gorgeous twinkler of Ziegfeld's Follies, the prettiest bathing girl in the United States.

She wheedles her father into mortgaging the old homestead, breaks with her high school sweetheart, and comes to Hollywood, with every penny of the family's available cash—only to find that her nose, which the Simsbury photographer had caught at the only possible angle, photographs like a knot on a potato, and that her hair, which she had thought an exact replica of Mary Pickford's, photographs like strands of hemp rope. In fact, the belle of Simsbury is not even belle of the boarding house in Hollywood.

She manages to get a few days' work occasionally as an extra, and unless she develops a talent for character acting, she finds herself doomed to return to Simsbury or to dish up food in one of Hollywood's ubiquitous cafeterias.

Her fate is the common fate of



Photo by WITZEL

Virginia Browne Faire is one of the few successful winners of beauty contests. Dramatic ability, intelligence and beauty of soul and body have helped her.

hundreds of her sister beauty contest winners. Literally scores of "beauties" are annually "spurio versant"—to use the Kaiser's pet phrase, which means, "sunk without a trace."

The only people who remember them even fleetingly are the landladies who gave them soup and lodgings long after the flat little purses were emptied, and the credit managers of department stores who are now learning to take such losses philosophically and to protect themselves against them more and more rigorously.

Going home defeated is a very different matter from leaving, a victorious beauty contest winner.

Not All Failures

ON THE other hand, many a picture star owes her start to the chance she got as a contest winner. But wait—did we say *many* stars? Who are some of this horde of successful contest winners?

Let's see. There's Lois Wilson, and Eleanor Boardman, and Corinne Griffith, Gertrude Olmstead, Mary Philbin, Lucille Carlisle, Virginia Brown Faire, Mary Astor, Allene Ray, and—the list grows weaker and weaker.

Consider how many, many contests you have read and heard about; how many fair young faces

Ever hear of Ruth Purcell? She came to Universal City with fifty-five other beauty contest winners in 1916. She filmed the best of the whole bevy of beauties and was offered a good part in a Universal "special." But she declined politely, thanked Universal for a pleasant trip, and went back to being Samuel Gompers' private secretary.



have been printed in newspapers and magazines over such flowery remarks as these:

"Beautiful Suzie-Mae Hoffman (any name will do), who has just won the Firefighters' great beauty contest, in which five hundred pulchritudinous lasses competed, is of the tall, svelte type, a perfect-screen beauty. Miss Hoffman expects to leave for Hollywood immediately, where she has been promised the lead in a gigantic production to be put on in the Such-and-Such studios, Screenland's largest motion picture plant."

Is it any wonder that the contest winner trips gaily and importantly out to Screenland, sure of winning stardom easily within a week or two? In fact, she has such a vague idea of what constitutes stardom that she feels that she is already a star, because she has a chance to play a "bit" in a picture.

Which reminds us of a woman who arrived in Hollywood recently with a daughter who had won a contest in Nashville, Tenn. She took her blonde, brown-eyed daughter over to the Fox studios, where the casting director offered



Pretty Corliss Palmer, who once attended the cigar stand at ?——? Ga., Hotel, and is now named as the "Other Woman" by Mrs. Eugene V. Brewster, wife of the Millionaire Movie Magazine Publisher in a separation suit brought by her. Mrs. Brewster asks \$18,000 a year alimony.

One reason why Eleanor Boardman's screen career has been so successful is that she did not depend on merely winning a beauty contest. She had a long and diversified stage training.

GOLDWYN PHOTO



Photo by SEELEY

Mary Philbin won second prize in the Chicago Herald-Examiner contest. Eric Von Stroheim stopped in to look over the contestants' photographs and was so delighted with Mary's ethereal beauty that he chose her for the feminine lead in "Merry-Go-Round."



Dorothy Seay has won several beauty contests and has played in nine pictures in her eight months stay in Hollywood.

to give her a screen test the following day. The mother, exuberant, exhibited her daughter in the lobby of the hotel that night, with this introduction, "My daughter, Polly, who is going to be starred by Fox. She starts to work tomorrow."

Universal's Beauty Special

HARKING back to the winners of contests who have *not* failed to make good, we find Lois Wilson, winner of a contest in Montgomery, Alabama, eight years ago. You may remember the trainload of fifty-six beauties that Universal brought to Hollywood, or rather to Universal City, to test for the screen.

Universal had just opened the great studios at Universal City and were determined to put over an advertising stunt that would make the whole world sit up and take notice. They got their wish. Fifty-six beauty contests were put on, covering the entire United States. Newspapers ran photographs of girls who considered themselves beauties, and the subscribers "voted" for the beauties, with some subscription string tied to the votes.

When the votes had been counted and a few hundred hearts had been broken, fifty-six "beauties"—some of them, in the very nature of the contest being far from beautiful,

since any girl could submit her picture and since the zeal of one's friends counted more than the shape of one's nose—were all slated for the cross continent jaunt to California, Universal City's marvelous plant, and, presumably, fame and fortune.

The "Beauty Special" as the train was called, was probably the most feted and most publicized trainload of human flesh that ever steamed out of a station.

The best of food, the quintessence of service, marked that hegira of beauty to Hollywood. But that was about all the girls got out of it. Universal got gobs of publicity; the new studios were shown off to the blare of trumpets; receptions were held—in the studios of course—in honor of these fifty-six American beauties. Wherever they went, the girls were required to wear badges and carry banners, advertising Universal.

Oh, yes, they were given screen tests, and the winner of the screen test contest was to be given a part in a big special production. Ruth Purcell, private secretary to Samuel Gompers, won the plum, and fifty-five other beauties knew that taps had sounded for their high hopes.

Ever hear of Ruth Purcell?

Probably not, for she surprised everyone by calmly telling Universal that she thanked them very much for her lovely trip to California 'n everything, but that, if you please, she was going back to Mr. Gompers. Whether a certain young man who telegraphed roses to greet her at every stop had anything to do with her decision is immaterial to this story. She went back.

And so did nearly all of the other beauty contest winners, for their fare was paid—it was distinctly a "round trip" affair.

Out of the entire trainload of beauties, how many have ever been heard of in pictures? Here are their names: Ida Frances Beardsley, Taula Jorgensen, Florence Skeffington Craig, Mayme Chapline, Edith Maas, Marie Savage, Louise Weldon, Forrestine Dennison, Mollie Julian, Gertrude Fonda, Anita Liberman, Minnie Wilhainson, Anna Nessel, Lois Wilson, Ann Schrader, J. Frances Hamilton, Margaret Veronica MacDonough, Gertrude Cameron, Irene O'Connor, Esther Sutton, Nellie Bell, Alice Matthews, Madeleine Dwight Skinner, Agnes M. Chneye, Marguerita Koch, Mabel Nelson, Gwendolyn Morgan, Sarah Wooten, Daisy Fulwiler,

(Continued on page 94)

How the Screen Stars Keep Thin

*Scientific Methods for Re-
taining that Streamline
Body Effect*

By ATHENE FARNSWORTH

FAT AND Romance just simply never have cohabited and never will—not even in Hollywood where everything else—but that's another story.

There never has been a siren who was onto her job who did not realize that when Excess Avoirdupois appears, even though she rolls luxuriously up in a limousine, Romance puts on her hiking pants and takes to the foothills.

That Pound of Flesh

It's a safe bet that if Portia could have removed that disputed pound of flesh from her own person, she would have been tickled pink to do so, even at the price of forfeiting the nice piece of publicity her "Quality of Mercy" speech gave her.

It is equally patent to the discerning eye that Cleopatra, the great grandmother of all the sirens, never spent all her time lolling around on that flower-strewn barge of hers. We'd be willing to bet our new spring hat that she excused herself long enough from Mark Antony, before breakfast each morning, to take her daily dozen, or to roll a bit on some secluded and especially hard portion of the old barque's floor.

And if the ladies of Portia's time and Mark Antony's sweetie realized the necessity for slim, undulating lines, the modern sirens, those

marcelled and bobbed-haired queens of screenland, know the truth in triple measure.

Dear old Cleo had but to pass muster before the love-dimmed eyes of one old rounder; our 1923 Cleos must daily and nightly present themselves for inspection before the whole world.

How Do They Do It?

How do they do it?

Haven't you ever sat in a darkened theatre, with your eyes glued on some shimmering, silver-sheeted beauty, long-limbed and alluring?

"EAT AND GROW THIN"

HERE'S the diet that made Colleen Moore lose twelve pounds in two weeks. Try it yourself, to speed the parting flesh:

BREAKFAST: Half a grapefruit, a thin slice of toast (no butter), and a cup of coffee, without sugar.

LUNCH: Fruit salad with French dressing, crackers and a glass of lemonade.

DINNER: Meat and one vegetable, but NO potatoes; dry toast and a cup of tea.

OR

Substitute a baked potato and a glass of buttermilk for dinner, every other night.

And haven't you ever sighed audibly as the lovely creature melted into the hero's arms? Then, the last two-in-one embrace over, out you go into the cold, unfeeling



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

This exercise, repeated twenty times morning and evening, is splendid for reducing the hips. Betty Compson says so, and isn't Betty a living example of its beneficent results?

street and suddenly glimpse yourself in one of those infernal plate glass windows.

Ye gods! What a contrast!

Bulges all over you—and in the wrong places! Your coattails headed in opposite directions, as though some domestic cataclysm had made it impossible for them ever to dwell together in harmony again. And you think naughty words, curse the chocolate éclair you had for lunch—con and mutter: "Upon what meat do these our heroines feed that they remain so slim!"

How do they do it? Listen:

The Shimmy-Shaker Arrives

THE "shimmy-shaker" has come to Hollywood.

This unique first-aid to those who yearn to enter the lists of the



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

Swimming is one of the best reducers in the world. It makes a fat person thin and a thin person pleasantly plump. And it keeps Betty Compson just right.



INCE PHOTOGRAPH

Horseback riding is a famous method of losing weight. The more your mount is addicted to trotting, the more flesh you will lose. If you don't grasp this fact before beginning your ride, says Madge Bellamy, you will soon afterward.

Beautiful and Damned was invented, so rumor says, for Queen Mary of England. Whether Her Majesty, after ridding herself of the necessary number of royal pounds, passed the glad word around, or whether the secret simply leaked out, is immaterial. The important thing is that, like all good things, it has come to Hollywood, apparently to stay.

The telephone of a certain little gray shop, known to the film colony, tinkles merrily all day long. Luminaries whose names twinkle brightly in electric lights on a thousand Main Streets nightly vie with one another to see who can do the most "shimmy-shaking" between calls to the set. For the eleventh commandment of stardom is this: "Thou shalt take on no superfluous flesh."

And many a fat part has been lost because of fat parts. Selah.

Shedding Excess Poundage

IN THIS little gray shop, where lurks the useful "shimmy-shaker" the chance patron can sometimes get an eyeful.

The shimmy-shaking is not done on a ball-room floor, as you have guessed, perchance. Visualize, for instance, Gloria—she of the seductive curves—clad only in a sheet, clutched in the diabolical embrace

of this up-to-date fat-reducing machine. A broad leather strap is about her slim body. Presto! The electric current is turned on, and then, Oh Boy! how she shakes. Any "fattest portion" that could withstand an attack like that is worthy to be nominated for the Hall of Fame.

Picture to yourself the stately Anna Q. Nilsson, the flirtatious mama of *Adam's Rib*, strapped in an electric chair, supporting on her tummy a fifty-pound sand-bag and squealing with little, startled "ohs" and "ahs" as the relentless electric

current plucks at any ambitious plumpness.

Male Patrons, Too

NOR are the Adonises of the screen to be outdone. It's just as necessary that a screen hero be slim as for a heroine. Picture Rodolph Valentino fat, if you can without dropping a tear. He might as well let himself get bald!

Wallace Beery mortifies the flesh every so often. Picture his two hundred and fifty pounds of stalwart manhood encased in an electric cabinet, rivulets of perspiration running down his distressed countenance as he pleads with the nurse, "Take me out! I'm nothing but a grease spot now!"

Fatty Degeneration of Imagination

LITTLE Betty Compson has an hallucination that she ought to reduce, though she barely tips the scales at one hundred and eighteen pounds. Connie Talmadge comes to the little gray shop, too, because she has fatty degeneration of the imagination. She doesn't really need to reduce.

A good many famous scenario writers visit the shrine of the "shimmy-shaker" weekly. Why? Oh well, Hollywood has a way of doing things to husbands, they say,



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

One day a week, lovely Lila Lee eschews food and lives on orange juice.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

To wear costumes such as these, Gloria Swanson shakes a wicked shimmy, they say. The result is certainly engaging.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

Swedish massage keeps Agnes Ayres slim and dainty.

and the ability to hold down a job at a roll-top desk doesn't always counterbalance the kind of ability that enables one to wear roll-topped stockings gracefully.

Eat and Grow Thin

COLLEEN MOORE wants to retain that streamline body effect, so she accomplishes it by two methods. She diets and she dances.

For those of you who are yearning that your too, too solid flesh would melt, here is Colleen's menu to speed the parting flesh. The menu was prescribed by a reputable physician and was so effective that Colleen lost twelve pounds in two weeks and felt fine all through it:

Breakfast—Half a grapefruit, a thin slice of toast (no butter), and a cup of coffee (no sugar).

Luncheon—Fruit salad with French dressing, crackers and a glass of lemonade.

This exercise twenty times every morning keeps Eleanor Boardman fit.

GOLDWYN PHOTO



Dinner—Meat and one vegetable, but *no* potatoes; dry toast and a cup of tea.

The Buttermilk-Potato Diet

IF YOU shudder at such a Spartan diet, try this one: substitute a baked potato and a glass of buttermilk for dinner, every other evening. That's what Viola Dana does, and see what a trim little figure she has.

A variation of this diet is to eat your regular meals six days a week; on the seventh, live on orange juice. Lila Lee uses this painless method of reducing.

One Hollywood physician who has many film patients insists that a glass of orange juice and a piece of toast or some crisp crackers are

all the breakfast that any average individual needs. Unless you are doing manual labor, a more substantial breakfast is just laying up trouble for you.

Lamb chops and sliced pineapple is a very effective reducing diet, also. The combination seems to produce no fat.

Reducing DeLuxe

WHAT we consider to be the very last word in reducing stunts is to dissolve a reducing powder in one's

bath. The pounds, we are told, simply melt away. Perhaps—and then, perhaps not.

A good many stars use an electric vibrator. Tom Mix does, for one. Tony simply refuses to have a fat master, they say, and so Tom has to keep down to a respectable 180 pounds.

Dancing Off the Ounces

WHAT could be pleasanter, mesdemoiselles, than to keep that schoolgirl figure by merely shaking a mean slipper, a la Colleen Moore?

"Dancing is the best known means of acquiring slim ankles and aristocratic feet," Colleen informs us, cheerily. "Fancy dancing is most effective, inasmuch as it requires more strenuous exercise, but the waltz, fox-trot and one-step will do wonders in remolding a girl's figure."

Handing the Star a Lemon

A NEW saying has been coined since the battle with the calories began. "A lemon a day keeps the fat away," the saying goes. Take it at night, just before retiring, and see what a delightful fresh feeling you have in the morning. But you had better consult a doctor before you begin this. You may have too much acid in your system already.

How Barbara LaMarr Reduced

BARBARA LAMARR was beautiful and fat. She developed convexities where she should have been concave, until a magazine writer came right out in print with the opinion that Barbara should reduce.

Barbara, being a good sportsman, agreed. Her mirror concurred with the writer's edict. So, "Barbara, you're corn-fed," Barbara said to herself. "You've got to lose fifteen pounds."

Then she began to work so hard that she did just that.

So that's one way to get slim.

Agnes Ayres' Method

AGNES AYRES employs a Swedish masseuse between every picture, and goes through a regular course of training.

She begins by taking the regular bending, stretching, leg-lifting, etc., doing the exercises faithfully. Then the masseuse gives her a rub-down, with a cool shower as a final touch.

Agnes does not do these things

to lose flesh, she says, but to keep her body toned up. The effect is the same, however, for the massage breaks down the fatty tissues.

The Turkish Bath

THE Turkish bath system of reducing is very popular among the screen folk. Three good Turkish bath treatments a week will result in a marked decrease of weight inside of six weeks.

HOW TO FIND YOUR CORRECT WEIGHT

THREE-FOURTHS of the adult population of the United States is overweight. The too thin folks are in a sparse minority.

To find how much you should weigh:

Get your exact height, by measuring in "stocking-feet" or barefoot, if you choose. If you are five feet tall, you should weigh exactly 110 pounds. For every inch over five feet, add 5½ pounds. For instance, if you are five feet, two and a half inches tall, you should weigh, stripped, 124 pounds. With clothing, you should weigh about 127. A few pounds over or under—say three or four one way or the other—will not take you out of the normal weight class.

If you are under five feet tall, subtract five and a half pounds for every inch you are under five feet. For instance, Mary Pickford, being four feet ten and a half inches tall, should weigh 102½. Her average weight is around 100, which is normal for her height.

These tables are for women. If you are a man, add ten pounds to the woman's normal weight for your height. For instance, a man five feet ten inches tall should weigh 175 pounds.

Get out your paper and pencil and figure up your normal weight. If you are overweight, begin eating less right now. If you are underweight, better see a doctor, for darned few people are underweight because they eat too little. That old saying about eating so much it makes you poor to carry it may apply to you. But the overweights know that they are eating so much it makes them tired to carry the surplus pounds they roll up.

But the baths are rather weakening for all but husky physiques, so many of the feminine stars take them only once a week, and combine them with a diet and exercise.

Riding is Fine Exercise

If you are fortunate enough to have access to a riding horse, and are ambitious to lose flesh, by all means ride. Madge Bellamy swears by this method.

The more your mount is addicted to trotting, the more flesh you will lose. If you don't grasp this fact before beginning your ride, you will soon afterward. Let your body swing with the motion of the horse. When you come back, take a cold shower and follow it with a rub-down. Then look in the mirror and see how your eyes shine. And incidentally, after a daily ride for a fortnight, your scales will show an engaging decrease in the number of pounds they register.

And so the battle goes.

"Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" Hamlet, prize gloom of the drama that you are, you said a mouthful!

The balance step of the fox-trot is fine for strengthening the arches. Set the phonograph going, try this step rapidly for about seven minutes, and see if your muscles don't react. The nasty little pads of flesh on your ankles will vanish under this treatment, too. And listen, if you do this constantly, inside of a fortnight you'll find that the hips are taking up less length on the tapeline.

Furthermore, the one-step increases the lung capacity and burns up the oxygen and fatty tissue at one and the same time.

To prove her point, Colleen merely asks, "Did you ever see a dancer who was fat?" and pauses for a reply.

Lois Wilson Says, "Walk"

ONCE Lois Wilson noticed that her skirtband was getting tight and that her mirror was reflecting a sort of exaggerated aura. But instead of murmuring to herself in the comforting way we women have, that a girl *should* be a little plump and who liked bones anyway, Lois started in to leave the car in the garage and walked to the studio.

"We spend the best part of our lives indoors or sailing about in a limousine," Lois said, just as if she knew it were for publication. "Healthful exercise like a good walk every day is the best kind of a reducer."

Looking at Lois' slim grace today, we have to admit it's good medicine, and easy to take, for those of us who aren't blessed with a limousine.

(Continued on page 97)

WAIT

By ANNE AUSTIN

CHARLES CHAPLIN, out of make-up and standing in the doorway of the Armstrong-Carleton Cafe, waiting patiently for a table, was accosted by a curious tourist, hopeful of finding a motion picture player before her. "What do you do for a living, young man?" she asked, patronizingly.

"I wait," Charlie answered sadly, thinking of the hours spent in simply "waiting" on the set.

The shocked aristocrat from Boston thought she had disgraced her family tree by talking with a common waiter, little realizing that she had been listening to a plaintive wail from one of our most famous stars.

Even stars know the terrible nerve-racking tedium of waiting. If you have only waited two hours for a doctor to stick his head out of the door marked private and call "Next," you still may have some faint idea of the annoyance of waiting. But you can have little conception of the ordeals which the players undergo through just "waiting."

A star has a call for nine o'clock. Maybe she has been up late the night before and would give a week's salary just to lie abed and sleep. But the studio call is the one thing that most stars do not dare ignore. She appears on the set just a little late, and gets a call-down from the director, who gives the impression that half a dozen scenes would have been shot if the star had made her appearance on time.

Contrite and angry, the star calls attention to the fact that she is in make-up and costume and wants to know when he is ready to begin.

The director finally believes that all is set for quick shooting; the orchestra is playing; the lights are

assembled for the big cabaret scene—there is a cabaret scene in every picture nowadays, you know — and the evening-gowned extras are shaking mean shoulders to the lilt of the music.

Then—"Where is the script?" yells the director.

The assistant director looks guilty and yells for the second assistant director, who yells for the script girl. But the script girl cannot be found. A hurry up call goes to the offices, where it is learned that the script girl has been so inconsiderate as to sprain her ankle, and no one knows what she did with the script. Be it known that in the beginning everyone who can possibly need it is provided with a script, but before the picture is half finished the script girl is the only one who has one.

Time to be Bad

WAIT! Wait! Wait! The star twiddles her highly manicured thumbs this way; then that way, being original and averse to monotony. The extras perch on cabaret tables and gossip, their chief topic of conversation being how badly the star is looking today, how she can't act, how this wild night life is telling on her and she ought to know better. They almost come to blows, however, when they get off the star topic and on to how good they are themselves. The air fairly crackles with the rustling of contracts, which the extras are about to sign. When this favorite but trouble-brewing topic is finally disposed of, the talk of the "waiters" turns to how rotten the director is, how punk the story is, how fresh the assistant director is, how unjust the studios are to their help, etc., etc.

By the time the only copy of the

script in existence has been stolen out of the files by the girl who has been bribed by the assistant director, and has at last found its way to the set, the lights are turned on, only to discover that something has happened to the spot light that was to have been turned on the dazzling beauty of the star, as she descended the dais to the dancing floor. And another wait follows. And another and another.

No wonder no one has a shred of reputation left when the waiting players have at last finished a hard day of doing nothing. No wonder the star complains to the director that she can't work with those people; that the cast is "unsympathetic," that the story gives her so little chance. The director feels the same way toward the star, the cast and the producing company.

The assistant director, who believes he could give D. W. Griffith pointers on the close-up and mob scenes, and who is gunning most



Stardom and jealousy are the Siamese Twins of the industry. Along with success in the movies come fame, adulation—and back-biting.

industriously for the director's job, spends his evening telling all who will listen, or as he says, "I'll tell the waiting world," that the director is all to the bad, the star is a dud, and the story—why, he could write a story himself, just dash it off between dinner time and bedtime, that would show up this gink who thought he could write scenarios.

System Needed

THE reasons for waiting are often as ridiculous as they are serious. For no matter how ridiculous the cause of a wait, it is as serious as if the reason in itself were tragic.

Any efficiency expert will tell you that more money is wasted in the motion picture studios because of time waits, than in any other way. Of course, the producers figure these waits into their schedule of production; they simply grin and bear their agony. But if a studio could hit upon a system that would eliminate even two-thirds of its waits, that studio would make pictures almost half as cheaply as the other companies do.

One producer said in all seriousness that at least six times out of every ten times he walked out to view a set on which "shooting" is supposed to be taking place, the company was standing about in various postures, indicating fatigue and boredom, simply waiting. The producer always bellows loudly and wonders why the heck the players, for whose services he is paying a king's ransom, are not working.

The alibi-hounds rush into the fray, frothing alibis which the producer must accept. He can't do anything else. The property man explains that the assistant property man broke an alabaster vase, and that the scene simply cannot be shot without it. An imitation of the vase is being made up hastily in the plaster-of-paris workshop, where high-priced sculptors work regular union hours, faking expensive busts, statues, vases, etc.

After firing the assistant property man and charging the "priceless" alabaster vase, actual cost \$75, to the property man, the producer feels that he has registered authority, has done something to counteract the evil of waiting, and goes on back to his office, fired with new zeal, which finds expression in a

grandiloquent letter to the press, extolling the coming picture, as "a million dollar production, on which no expense has been spared to make it the finest, spectacular costume picture of the age."

The Lost Trousers

THE comedy hero, who is leading man in this little tale of the lost trousers, got about as much sympathy in his plight as the elderly gentleman who slips on a banana peeling, the fat woman whose umbrella turns wrong side out in the gale, and the small boy whose trousers are snagged in the most indispensable part. But the producer saw little to laugh at in the situation, for production was held up for five long hours.

The comedy bunch was on location. A taxi had been hired for a single scene, in which the comedy hero was called upon to emerge trouserless from the taxi, a scene calculated to create much mirth with future audiences.

The trouserless hero finished the scene, and then cast about him for his nether garments, yearning for them as avidly as any male, in pictures or out. The trousers were in the taxi, all right, but the taxi had taken its departure, to other duties in the busy city.

No one had thought to take the name or number of the taxi driver. The next scenes to be shot were of the wedding of the hero to the girl. The script did not call for a trouserless wedding. And being comedy pants, the garment could not be duplicated on short notice. A search party went out to locate the taxi and the trousers. Five hours later the deprived comic hero again climbed into his coveted apparel, but it was too late then to take the wedding scenes. Practically an entire day had been lost, and the company had to go on location again the next day. Location trips are the reason why producers go broke; to add an extra day to a location trip is one of the unpardonable sins. Undoubtedly the property man who was supposed to watch over all such details sought another job on the morrow.

Wanted—A Sheet

WHEN the desert scenes in *Bella Donna* were being filmed on location, far from human habitation,

the director suddenly discovered that one of the scenes called for a sheet—a regular-sized white sheet. There was no sheet included in the "props" or the personal effects of the company. In fact, there was not a piece of white cloth more than a yard square.

Two men were detailed to mount their trusty steeds and fare forth in search of a sheet. They rode many miles—thirty or more—before finding a human abode of any kind. Then they sighted a Mexican hovel, deserted. With little hopes of finding an article of such effete luxury as a white sheet, the men ransacked the house, finding at last, under the blankets of an unspeakable cot, a more unspeakable sheet. The sheet had probably never known water from the time it had been turned out, virgin-white, from the looms. But being men of keen discernment, they saw that this thing had once been a sheet. They found water and washed it, removing at least ten layers of accumulated soil. Then, triumphant, the two men rode campward, with the sheet stretched like a sail between them. It was dry and almost white when they reached the "set." Altogether only three hours had been wasted—which was terrible enough, considering the cost per minute of taking a Pola Negri company on location.

An Expensive Theft

THE thief who stole the "butler's outfit" out of an automobile not long ago probably did not mean to be a source of great annoyance and expense to the producers of *Three Wise Fools*. But he was. For the butler's outfit could not be duplicated easily, and the picture had to be held up until a perfect substitute could be found. Since part of the scenes using the butler had already been shot, clothes which would have differed in any particular would have been detected by the "Weisenheimers" who write in to magazines to ask "why do they do it?" Such accidental waits are of course unavoidable.

Wait on Temperament

OCCASIONALLY a star is so temperamental that production must wait on her moods. Writers and artists who can produce only when the spirit moves them sympathize

with Pola Negri, said to be our most temperamental star, although her producers probably do not feel intensely sympathetic when the bills come in. Much longer time than was allotted was required in the making of *Bella Donna*, because Pola can emote only when she feels in the mood for it. Sometimes she appears on the set, it is said, announcing that she will not work that day, because she does not feel in the humor for it. The emotional muse simply isn't working, as she tells them in her charming broken English, and that settles it. Sometimes scenes in which Pola does not appear can be shot, but this rarely happens so fortunately, for the day's schedule is arranged in advance, sets are built for certain scenes only, and players are called accordingly. More time would be wasted in making new sets, calling players, and rearranging the entire schedule than by calling it a day and taking a holiday along with Pola.

Pola is also said to refuse to work unless her champagne is forthcoming every morning. And once every hour she calls for her brandy, or we have been misinformed. If by any chance that brandy is not at hand, or Lena, her maid, cannot be found, no work goes on until these oversights have been remedied.

Viola Knits

VIOLA DANA doesn't allow the tedium of waiting to spoil her sweet disposition. She was brought up by careful parents on the admonition, "Satan will find mischief for idle hands to do," so she keeps those small hands of hers very busy. She knits every minute of the time she is waiting around on the set or in her dressing room. She has knit a total of forty sweaters, most of which she has given away. But her industry is apparent in her own wardrobe, for Viola loves sweaters.

Educated While You Wait

THERE is an ever-increasing group of stars who have joined the "Get an education while you wait" club. Lois Wilson might be called the founder of the club. Lois was a school-teacher before she won a beauty contest that put her into pictures, and she had already

acquired the study habit. Lois is never seen idling her time away and gossiping about her fellow-players. In fact, Lois is almost a perfect satisfaction to everyone who has anything to do with her. Whenever anyone is casting about for the "nicest girl in Hollywood," Lois' name is sure to be near the top of the list. Another candidate for the honor is May McAvoy, and Lois and May are inseparable chums. They spend most of their time, while waiting for 'Camera!', if they are working anywhere near each other, reading and studying together, or sewing on dainty trifles for Lois' new little nephew.

Betty Compson missed out on a college education, but realizes the value of one in her work. She reads in her dressing room and on the set, during the tedious waits. Betty does not like to wait on the set, preferring to retire to her dressing room, where she can be reached in a very few minutes. She says that quiet reading in her own room keeps her in the correct mood for the scene that is to be shot. And incidentally, she has become one of the best-read women in Hollywood.

George O'Hara and Louise Fazenda are members of this "education while you wait" club. George is the star of those splendid "Fighting Blood" pictures, and Louise needs no introduction, as all our best speakers say. Louise and George are mentioned together intentionally, for they started their careers together on the Sennett lot, and are still chums—no sentiment, really. They buy books and "swap," and their total book bill would stagger people of ordinary salary. Louise has no comedy strain in her taste for reading, being one of the real highbrows of the film colony. She is seldom seen in screenland's cafes, and never goes to movies, except to see her own work, of course. Her leisure time, both on the set and at home, is spent in reading. George O'Hara's tastes are fully as highbrow as Louise's, his tendency being towards European classics.

Shirley Mason sews and reads during the trying waits. By the way, Shirley is said to be one of the very few stars in moviedom who has never been heard to "cat"

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While filming a desert picture, far from human habitation, the director demanded a sheet. Sheet there was none, so two property men mounted their steeds, rode twenty miles to a Mexican's cabin, appropriated a very dirty sheet from the one bunk, washed it in a pool and rode triumphantly back to camp, swinging the wet sheet between them as they rode, to dry it.

The Hollywood Inquisition

By W. ELLEN REAMY

IF THE bloody old boys who patted themselves on the back for thinking up such horrible tortures during the Spanish Inquisition could sit around a studio lot and listen to stories of the Hollywood Inquisition, they would have sickened with grief and died of despair.

Thinking up tame little things like stringing offenders up by the thumbs, or stretching dissenters on the toasting rack, or rocking a descending and highly sharpened blade over a quivering, naked body, was about the best the old Spaniards in charge of the Inquisition could do. Poor, old-fashioned things! They were lacking in imagination, in finesse, in subtlety.

The modern torture expert knows that mental torment is much more devastating than physical discomfort. And the chief exponents of this new superfine brand of mental torture live and thrive in Hollywood.

Professional Jealousy

THE motive power behind the Hollywood inquisition is professional jealousy. And practically every player in Hollywood is a victim of that disease. It eats like a nasty, boring little worm into the soundest hearts and the sweetest dispositions. As soon as a person becomes a "professional" he seems automatically to acquire the rest of it—jealousy. The two words are Siamese twins of the industry.

Scrambling up the ladder of success in Hollywood is much like the mad rush for the exit in a theater fire. There are so many, many people bent on accomplishing the same thing, and there are so few places on that top rung. The game is to get up the ladder and seize a chair filled with a famous person. The next step is to topple the chair over, dislodging the occupant; the third step is to seat oneself and then kick off the climbers who are bent

on taking the chair you have just gained. If you relax your vigilance for just an instant, you may find yourself hurtling down the ladder, due for a nasty fall when you hit the bottom. The "injuries sustained" are usually so painful that you cannot climb again.

Movie fame is probably the most coveted commodity in the world today; outsiders look upon it as the ideal avenue to riches. Along with success in the movies come all good things—adulation, applause and much publicity. Or so outsiders think.

There is probably more vaulting ambition in Hollywood than in any other city in the world. Every single, solitary person in the movies has ambition. Every extra thinks he will be a star—tomorrow. In the meantime, if there is any useful little task he can do today, such as catting the player just ahead of him, or spreading scandal about a star, or criticizing his director's methods, or balling up his sidekick's chances, why he does it cheer-

fully and to the best of his ability. He leaves no stone unturned.

The hammer is the most indispensable tool in Hollywood. Almost every player owns one. The sound of the knocking goes on, even into the still night. Everyone knocks everyone else; it gets to be a habit. When a player says with warm enthusiasm, "Yes, isn't she wonderful? Didn't you adore her in that picture?" smelling salts are called for. But if you stand the shock long enough to listen for the next words, they usually come something like this, "But don't you think she's getting a little fat?"

Probably the only star in the profession who gets a good word from almost everyone who utters her name is Mary Pickford. She holds the unique record of being the most popular star with the public and with the profession. The most confirmed knockers lay off the rough stuff, give their hammer arm a rest, when Our Mary's name is mentioned. Maybe it is because Mary has a little special ladder all her own, up which no one can climb after her.

But mention Gloria Swanson, for instance, or Betty Compson, or Douglas Fairbanks, or Charles Ray, or Pola Negri, and the tip-tap of the hammer begins right merrily.

A great producer said this of Hollywood: "You can't hire loyalty in Hollywood. You can hire brains and beauty and personality and talent, and even genius, but from no one can you hire absolute loyalty. In the steel business, you sometimes find a chap who knows steel better than the man who invented it, but who loves to work for his boss so well that he wouldn't think of speaking a word against him, even to God. Or in almost any line of business, you find private secretaries so devoted to the men they work for that they wouldn't



Paramount Photo by KEYES

Pola Negri, being a "furriner" and an imported celebrity, has had more than her fair share of persecution.

exchange places with a Ziegfeld Follies girl.

"But in Hollywood," quoth this wise but bitter producer, "the girl who takes my letters is out gunning for the star I have just signed up for three years. Or she wonders why she can't be the head reader or the scenario chief, or something like that, and she bends every effort to get the job. The extra who doubles for the star gets it into her head that she could make Ruth Roland look like thirty cents, if she had half a chance. So she knocks Ruth to the profession and to the public every chance she gets, and plans to bump off this woman who is standing in her way to stardom."

And so it goes. Everyone is out gunning for everyone a notch higher up or even for the top-notchers.

And it is in achieving their ends that the members of the Hollywood Inquisition Squad get in their best work.

When a victim is marked for special tortures, the society for the protection of cruelty to motion picture players should be called in.

Rodolph Valentino's Persecution

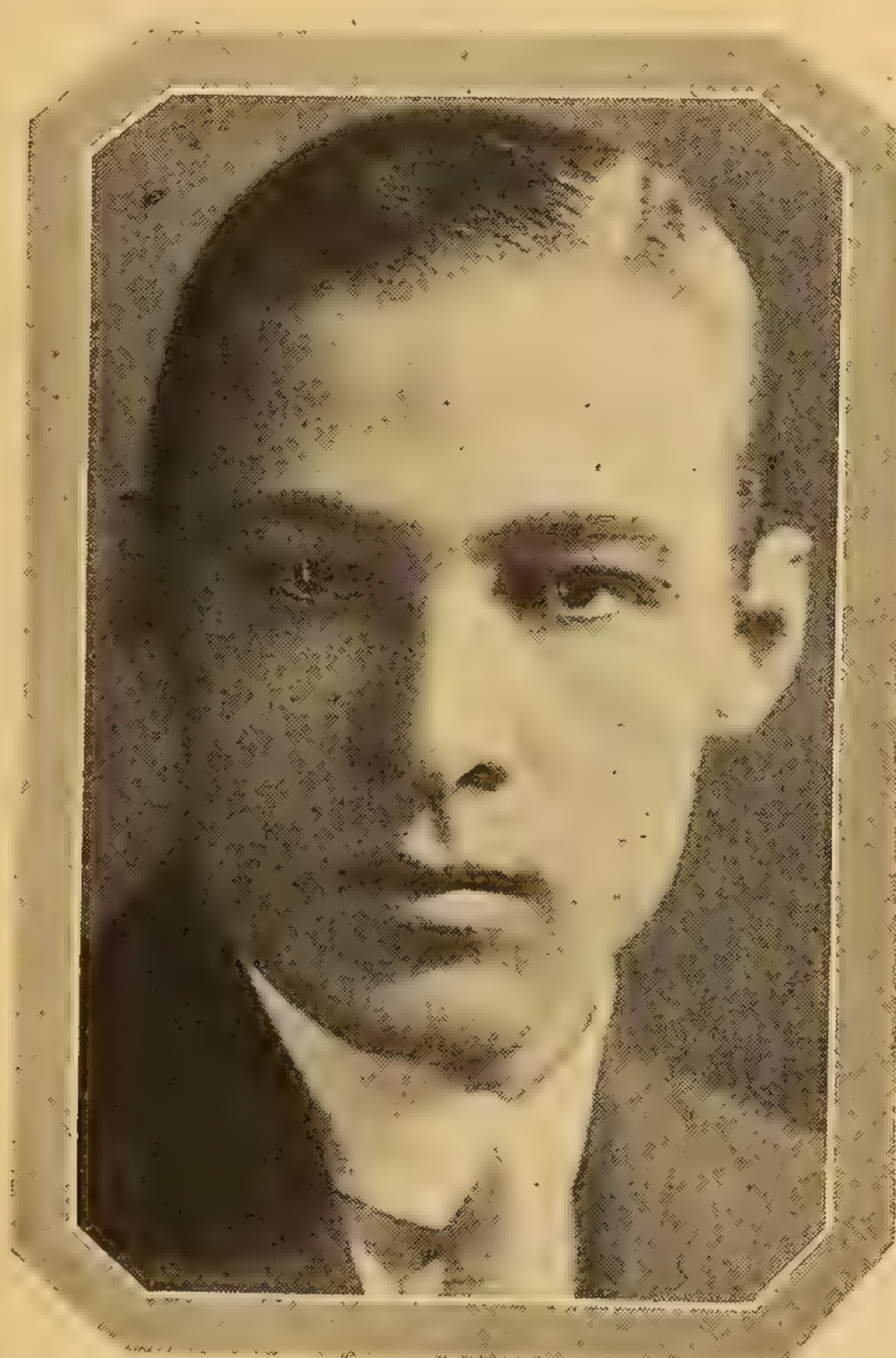
RODOLPH VALENTINO is one of the most famous victims of the Hollywood Inquisition. His sudden rise to fame from the ranks of extras brought him little joy in living in Hollywood. He became the target for particularly bitter attacks by the people he had shot past on his meteoric trip skyward.

The electricians, stage hands, carpenters, all seemed to bear him a particular malice, it is said by those who have worked on the Lasky lot. Being a "foreigner," he was audibly dubbed "the wop" and "the dago." It is said that he was able to command little personal assistance, that his life in countless small ways was made miserable for him. Professional jealousy in its most virulent form attacked extras, directors, stage hands and leading ladies who did not appreciate their luck in getting to play opposite the new star.

When he found ground glass in his cold cream, so the story goes, he let out a string of choice Italian oaths and went to headquarters with his righteous indignation, but was only laughed at for his pains. It is possible that the Valentino stories

have achieved the dignity of myths by this time, and hence are greatly exaggerated. But it is undoubtedly true that Valentino was the victim of malicious professional jealousy, and that he suffered both physical and mental torment at certain stages of his career as a star. Of course, on the other hand, he was immensely compensated by the biggest jump in popularity that any star has ever known.

But did you ever stop to think how little abstract and intangible joys have to do with the day's work, and how insistently a stepped-on corn can burn and smart, spoiling the whole scheme of things? A mother spanking her naughty son doesn't stop to reflect that she is so



Paramount Photo by KEYES

When Rodolph Valentino found ground glass in his jar of cold cream, he felt he had reached the peak of petty persecution. His meteoric rise had aroused the jealousy of studio employees.

happy in the possession of a dear little boy to love and rear. She is mad clear through and the resounding whacks and the deafening yells of the outraged progeny testify to the fact that she has not stopped to "count her blessings."

Valentino could have sat, with the scratchy cold cream in his hand, musing that he was awfully lucky to be a star, that it was so nice of the public to like him, and that even if no one on the lot loved him, Natacha Rambova did; but he thought none of these healing thoughts; he swore at the ruffian

who had maliciously planted glass in his cold cream, so that he would scratch his face all up.

The Case of Herbert Rawlinson

PROBABLY no one will ever know whether Herbert Rawlinson is a victim of persecution or whether Dorothy Clark is the injured party, in the famous Rawlinson-Clark seduction case.

Rawlinson claims that the whole scheme was a blackmail stunt. At any rate, the matter has now been settled out of court, and Rawlinson will pay a certain large sum of money to Dorothy Clark and her mother. He will never be able to live it down. He gave as his reason for giving up the fight that enough vile publicity had resulted already.

Eugene O'Brien fell a victim to the same sort of Inquisition methods. A girl suddenly appeared in New York who claimed to be the wife of the actor, but it was proved that the actor had not been in New York at the time he was supposed to marry her, and that no record of such a marriage could be found.

Every player, once he has his head and shoulders above the crowd, becomes a target at which the mob can shoot. Every imaginable sort of insane scheme for grabbing off publicity, by linking one's name with a famous star's, has been tried. The player, man or woman, who has anything shady in his or her past, is sure to hear from it sooner or later. And if there is nothing shady, nothing incriminating, there will be ingenious minds to distort facts or to manufacture facts.

Charles Ray a Victim

CHARLES RAY confesses that he has often been the victim of the Hollywood Inquisition. He has been accused of being "upstage" by those whom he has passed on the climb up the ladder, and because he mingles very little with the members of the film colony, he is the victim of almost malicious slander on this point alone. If a man is individual, loves privacy and home life and minds his own business strictly, he is picked to pieces by those who are "hitting it up." If he himself is "hitting it up," he gets slandered by the entire profession, although his slanderers are tarred by the same brush. It is impossible to escape the Hollywood Inquisition.

How the Stars Put the Sure in Insurance

*Freak Policies Granted Screen En-
tries in Insurance Handicap*

By BETTY MORRIS

Buster Keaton has to pay a high premium on his insurance policy of \$200,000, because of the many falls he takes in his comedies.

THERE'S a race on in Hollywood these days. It's called the Insurance Handicap, with all the screen entries trying to outdo each other in the amount of surety policies they can carry.

Not only lives are insured in Hollywood. Dear me, no! Just anyone can have his life insured, providing he has not already misplaced it.

Roscoe Arbuckle used to be heavily insured against losing weight. He won't pay the premiums any more. It's nothing in Fatty's life now if he gets as thin as skim milk.



Irene Castle's dancing feet are insured for thousands of dollars.

Walter Hiers tried to get a similar insurance policy, it is said, but the insurance companies suddenly woke up to the fact that Walter might quit his job and live off his insurance, simply by losing a few pounds. So they refused to grant him a policy. Or so they say.

Ben Turpin's Eyes

BEN TURPIN'S beautifully crossed eyes are insured for thousands of dollars. If he should ever refocus his famous eyes by trying to drive through Los Angeles' traffic, for instance, several insurance companies would be pretty badly bent, if not broken.

Andree's Lovely Feet

THE shapely tootsies of Mlle. Andree Lafayette, the French beauty-contest winner who is playing *Trilby* in Richard Walton Tully's picture of the same name, are insured for a million dollars, it is said.

Paul Iribe's Expensive Features

PAUL IRIBE, art director for Cecil B. DeMille, has his right hand insured for \$1,000, his right eye for \$50,000 and his left eye for a like sum. Being an artist, designer and architect, this talented Frenchman could scarcely ply his profession without the assistance of his right hand and eyes.

Irene Castle Has Feet Insured

IRENE CASTLE'S dancing feet need not cause their pretty owner any anxiety. If the railroad should annex one of her pretty toes or a

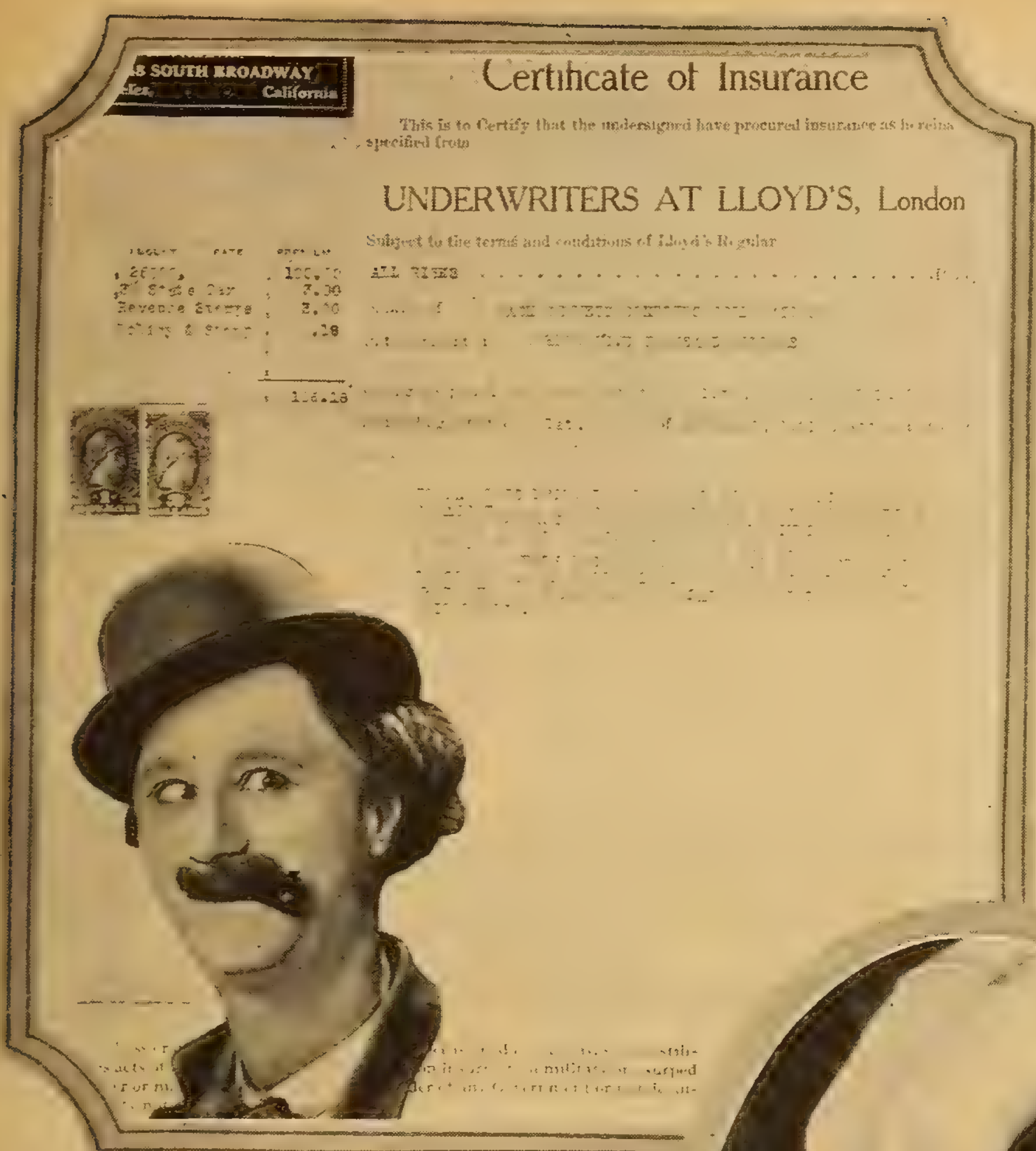
clumsy dancing partner should crush one out of a seven years' growth, Irene should worry. They are insured for thousands of dollars.

Pola Negri's Face

POLA NEGRI is amply protected against even a facial blemish that would prevent her from appearing before the camera. She is insured in Germany for a million marks. But recently she figured up that, at the present rate of exchange, she would receive from insurance companies about \$20 in case of accident. So she hurried downtown and guaranteed her beauty in an American company for \$250,000.



Harold Lloyd has his pet pair of glasses insured. The glasses are only rims, but they are specially made to photograph without halations, and Lloyd guards them with his life.



Ben Turpin's crossed eyes are insured by Lloyd's for \$25,000.

It was said that when Pola first came to this country, Paramount was amply protected by a surety company in case her volatile heart should lead her to the altar. A marriage might damage her money-making qualities as a vamp and as the grass-widow of an Austrian count, it was intimated.

Pola denied this, however, and asserted in her best English that she could commit matrimony whenever she chose.

But it was noticed, just the same, that the insurance companies had men on Pola's trail and showed considerable alarm over her romance with Charles Chaplin.

Theda Bara's Freaky Policy

THE freakiest of all insurance agreements was Theda Bara's. At the height of her vampiring prosperity, it was announced to all hearers that the company hiring her was protected against her marriage. It was further stated that her contract prohibited her showing her face in public.

Theda must always appear veiled, as mysterious as the Sphinx in whose shadow this Cincinnati belle was supposed to have been born.

At this grand *coup*, all the little golden-curled girls who had been racking their alleged brains for new twists to insert into their insurance-contracts, gave up the battle and slid ignominiously out of view.

All of the stars are insured for enormous amounts by their organizations. The reason for this is not greed; the company is not animated by any hope that the star will pass on to a better world and leave it the richer by vast sums. It is purely self-protection. Thousands of dollars are tied up in a production. If the star is injured or dies before the completion of the picture, what then? The company loses the money invested in the partly completed film.

An instance of this was in the making of *Way Down East*. Clarine Seymour had the role of *Kate*, had appeared in several hundred feet of film when she was struck down by appendicitis, with a fatal result. All the scenes had to be retaken, with Mary Hay in the role.

Mary Has Big Insurance

MARY PICKFORD is insured for a million dollars. Norma and Constance Talmadge are insured for \$500,000. Buster Keaton's company is protected with \$200,000 on his life. Buster Keaton has to pay high premiums, because of the many falls he takes in his pictures.

Stunt Actors Have Big Premiums

INCIDENTALLY, all comedians and stunt actors pay a much higher rate of premium
(Continued on page 104)



The million-dollar feet of Mlle. Andree Lafayette. Mlle. Lafayette's feet are said to be the prettiest in all France.



The sweet girl graduate could choose no lovelier frock for that momentous occasion than a creation of white net combined with satin. The cunning puff sleeves with the rosebud shoulder decoration are particularly appropriate for the young girl.

Posed by KATHRYN MCGUIRE

FASHION HINTS

Suggestions for



Posed by GLORIA SWANSON

A dinner dress of cinnamon Crepe Romaine, studded with sealing-wax red crystal beads is smart indeed. A drape formed at the hip falls in graceful points to the floor. This beautiful gown featured the new kerchief line, which ties at one shoulder and drops to the bottom of the skirt.



Posed by GLORIA SWANSON

For the informal dinner or smart afternoon function, this gown of cinnamon chiffon, embroidered in copper thread, is perfect. The one-sided line and drape is a feature of Spring.



For the young miss, this simple but attractive head-dress of holly berries with silver leaves is admirable. This would be especially attractive with an evening dress of flame-colored chiffon.

Posed by MAY McAVOY

from HOLLYWOOD

Evening Wear



A stunning evening wrap is fashioned of holly-red Crepe Romaine elaborately embroidered in gold thread, with a deep edging of black lynx fur.

Posed by GLORIA SWANSON

This gown of seed lace and pearls, over a slip of silver cloth, is as lovely as its wearer. For a formal evening function, this is perfect.

Posed by CLAIRE WINDSOR



TOM RANDOLPH

Is Society Jealous of Moviedom?

Members of Four Hundred Living in Society's Glass Houses Shouldn't Throw Stones

Says GORDON GRANT

ONE of the principal products of Southern California is gossip about the moving picture colony.

And the purveyors of the most malicious gossip are invariably members of high society. It is on the broad verandahs of Pasadena's smart hotels and on the big estates at Santa Barbara that film reputations are wrecked.

Why?

Can it be that society is jealous?

The Ignorant May Be Forgiven

ONE can forgive the limited viewpoint of Mrs. Elmer Jones, who once lived three doors from a prominent character actor, and who tells everybody that "Moving picture people ain't no good, because I've saw him and her comin' home as late as twelve o'clock at night and there's always cars stopping there!"

Such statements are fairly harmless, because to intelligent people, Mrs. Jones's ignorance renders them null and void. Mrs. Vandervere Delavan of Santa Barbara lives

under exactly the same conditions, but Mrs. Jones does not know of it. Her sphere is small and ingrowing and she does not move among people who have many friends and whose playground is the world.

But it is surprising to hear the comments of society people, who are presupposed to have a more intelligent viewpoint, broadened by travel and wider opportunities.

Birth and breeding has not rendered the darlings of fortune tolerant and free from jealousy. Nor has wealth and the pursuit of pleasure given them an appreciation of personal achievement.

It is a queer mixture of envy and dislike that most society women have toward screen folk. Did you ever notice how the society woman glows with pride when someone says, "My dear Mrs. Snipstone, how much you resemble Elsie Ferguson!"

Try this on your best friend and watch her expand with pride.

The hotel men of Los Angeles capitalize this interest in picture

people. Every time they announce a "Movie Night," every table in their vast dining room is reserved days in advance. By whom? By the very society folk who pretend to so scorn the movie players!

Movie Night at the Ambassador

LET us look in upon Mr. and Mrs. Cadwallader Millionbucks, who have reserved a table at the Ambassador on "Movie Night." They have invited a select circle of gem-encrusted friends to see "all the movie stars, my deah!"

Mrs. Millionbucks has been careful to include the famous novelist, Reedon Wright, "who knows all the prominent ones, you know, and only writes because he *likes* to—he really comes of a very good family!" Mr. Wright is given the vantage point at the table and told, "Now do show us *all the celebrities*—we are so interested in them!"

Scarcely has the turtle soup gone to its long rest, than the literary asset informs the assembled

(Continued on page 89)

Hot from Hollywood

Piquant Paragraphs About the Stars

WALTER HIERS and Jacqueline Logan were eating peanuts right merrily between scenes of *Sixty Cents an Hour*.

"Ugh!" spluttered Walter. "That last nut had a worm in it!"

"Here," said Jacqueline, offering him a glass of water, "drink this and wash it down."

"Wash it down!" scowled Walter, "Why should I? Let him walk!"

The Original All-Star Cast

Souls For Sale, which Rupert Hughes is filming for Goldwyn, is a story of motion picture life. To give the proper studio atmosphere, thirty-three leading stars and directors consented to appear briefly before the camera—playing extras, as it were. Besides the principals, Blanche Sweet, Marshall Neilan, Claire Windsor, Elliott Dexter, Anna Q. Nilsson, Milton Sills and Florence Vidor, as well as a score of other celebrities, will appear.

Return of the Prodigals

THEY all come back—or try to—sooner or later. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, one of the most popular pairs in pictures of a few years back, have finished a photoplay entitled *Modern Marriage*. The Bushmans, who have been in vaudeville for several years, are to make a series of personal appearances in conjunction with the showing of their picture.

How Much To Raise a Boy?

How much money should it take to raise a boy of seven? Eric Von Stroheim thinks \$7 a week is plenty. The court thought otherwise, however, and has ordered Von Stroheim to pay his former wife, Mrs. May Von Stroheim, \$75 a week, for the support of his son, Eric, Jr.

The Newest Thing In Pets

ANN PERDUE, who was Derelys Perdue until she discovered that no



Walter Hiers, enjoying the first fruits of his stardom. Jacqueline Logan is the party of the second part. She is Walter's leading lady in his second Paramount starring vehicle, "Sixty Cents an Hour."

proof-reader could spell it, has a new pet. Pet's name is Archie, and is an Abyssinian ant-eater.

Archie is the gift of an American aviator whom Miss Perdue met in France three years ago.

Miss Perdue's press agent informs us earnestly that the star is quite in love with her new pet—but we'd bet our new spring bonnet that she won't touch it with a ten foot pole.

Line Forms At the Right!

"PRIVATE Showing of Edith Robert's *Backbone*" was a headline that intrigued Gotham recently. *Backbone* is the name of a picture in which Edith Roberts and Alfred Lunt co-star, we hasten to explain.

A Much Married Man

THEY'VE been having the darnedest time over at the Lasky studio.

Sam Wood has been looking high and low for a Bluebeard for *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*. He had to have a man who looked old enough

to have had eight wives and yet young enough to be still interesting to the last one, who will be Gloria Swanson.

After trying out about fifty leading men, Wood chose Huntley Gordon, who gave such a fine performance in *The Famous Mrs. Fair*.

A Vegetarian Cat

HERE'S an animal that Colonel Selig ought to get for his zoo. Mrs. H. Cobbett of Los Angeles owns the first vegetarian pussy, named Friday. He has never in all his six months even wrinkled a whisker at a mouse.

He was started on a bottle, and still takes his milk that way, holding the bottle between his paws. And he just loves carrots. Result, he is sweet-tempered and never scratches or indulges in back-fence concerts. And just the other day he had his first screen test.

Gareth Hughes Now Citizen

GARETH HUGHES has become an American citizen. He also changed his name from William John Hughes to Gareth Hughes. He was born in South Wales in 1890. Would you believe that Gareth was 33 years old?

How To Get In The Movies

HERE'S how one girl did it. Edith Allen was having a wonderful dance with a friend at the Montmartre Cafe in New York. Somebody tapped her on the shoulder. Looking around, Edith discovered it was Alice Terry.

"Come to my table after the dance," Miss Terry said. A few minutes later she was being introduced to Rex Ingram, who offered

her the part of *Clemaïne* in his new picture, *Scaramouche*.

Comedienne Has Never Seen Valentino

CONSIDER this, if you will: Louise Fazenda has never seen a Valentino picture, nor has she seen Gloria Swanson acting in "dramas"! She just hasn't got around to it, says Louise, but she hopes to, soon.

Louise has the most interesting recollections of Gloria when they were working together on the Mack Sennett lot; she saw Gloria the other day, for the first time in years, and did not recognize her!

Louise was lunching the other day with two books on her lap. One was a Schnitzler tale and the other was by D. H. Lawrence. If it jars your sense of the eternal fitness of things to think of Comedienne Fazenda reading Schnitzler, remember there are stranger incongruities than that in filmland. We'll be finding out next, perhaps, that it is Bull Montana's secret ambition to play *Peter Pan*.

Gloria and Viola Put On a Show

GLORIA SWANSON in a madcap role is slightly unusual. But then, Gloria is versatile. We would have believed it of Viola without blinking an eyelash, but Gloria!

This is what happened:

Gloria and Viola disguised themselves by putting on middy blouses, short skirts and horn-rimmed glasses, with tightly braided hair. On amateur night at a local theatre the two girls appeared as amateurs in a try-out. They cavorted so awkwardly that the audience hooted until the manager asked them to leave the stage. Thereupon the two stars, convulsed with unholy laughter, tore off their horn-rims. Ensued recognition, of course, and loud applause from the audience.

This tickled our risibilities quite a bit.

"Contradicting the previous announcement that Jane Novak will be seen in *The Rock of Ages*, the Chester Bennett star will shortly begin work on *Divorce*."



Photo by HOOVER

Alice Terry saw Edith Allen dancing in a New York cafe, and engaged her immediately for husband Rex Ingram's new picture, *Scaramouche*.

What Does It All Mean?

WHY does Mabel Normand wear a platinum and diamond band on the third finger of her left hand? We ask you! Mabel says both "yes" and "no" when asked if she were married, on her return from furrin parts.

If she is really married, we certainly would like to know who, where and why.

It May Mean Nothing, But—

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has a most beautiful new gold cigarette case. And it bears the name of—you guessed it. Pola Negri.

The latest gossip being whispered over the luncheon tables in Hollywood is to the effect that naughty Mabel Normand incited Pola to her high-handed policy with Lasky and also advised her as to the best matrimonial policy.

"Don't take anything from 'em,"

Mabel is said to have whispered to Pola, on shipboard en route to the United States. "Up-stage them and they'll give you anything you want. And dearie, engagements are awfully good publicity, and Charlie is dear about it, so obliging. . . ."

A Bridegroom Sans Pants

IT SIMPLY isn't done, this business of a bridegroom showing up minus his trousers.

So when John Bowers. . . . But we'll tell you how it happened.

In one scene of *Desire*, John Bowers has to rush across a wide lawn from a taxicab into a house, clad airily in B. V. D's, socks and shoes and his swallow-tail coat-tails flapping in the breeze. The scene was shot and the cameras were re-arranged for an elaborate wedding scene.

The vested clergyman appeared before the flower-decked altar, the bride (Estelle Taylor) and her maids arrived, but no groom.

"Mr. Bowers—John Bowers—front and center!" paged the assistant director.

Then through the silence came a wail from Mr. Bowers:

"I can't. I've lost my pants."

He had left them in the taxi. The only other pair that fit Bowers belonged to Ralph Lewis, and he, being the bride's father, needed them himself. So the company played dominos for two hours until the missing trousers could be located.

Get Out the Scissors, Girls!

THE Trilby bang is here. It came with the revival of *Trilby*, which Richard Walton Tully is filming. Andree Lafayette of that dear Paris is in Hollywood to play the title role. Andree predicts the coming vogue of the Trilby bang, which covers the forehead clear down to the eyebrows.

But—and here's the scandal—the rest of the hair is taken straight back, leaving the ears exposed! *Quelle horreur!* Immodest, we call it!

In addition to ears *à la naturel* Mlle. Lafayette has the most beautiful feet in all Paris.

Helene Chadwick in Court

HELENE CHADWICK is tired of playing in Goldwyn's back yard. She wants to take her rag dolls somewhere else to play. It seems that her contract with Goldwyn has expired. Goldwyn had an option on her services, she says, and after the expiration of the contract tried to take up this option, inserting a *new clause* in the contract which Helene would not stand for. She refused to sign a new contract containing this clause. Meanwhile, Goldwyn studio prevents her from accepting work with any other studio. Now the case is in court.

Hollywood's guess is that Helene has been offered a Lasky contract and that Helene wants to accept. Richard Dix, with whom Helene co-starred for so long, has been signed by Lasky, you remember.

The Pup Came Back

ALICE TERRY can smile again, and Rex Ingram is able to turn his attention on his work.

Ignatz is back.

Ignatz is a Spitz dog. He was given to Miss Terry while she and husband Rex were in Miami, filming *Where The Pavement Ends*.

Ignatz had a deep desire to see the world. He disappeared in the darkness one night while the train on which the Ingram's were riding was traversing the Mohave desert.

The lovely Alice was grief-stricken at the loss of her puppy. She turned the full battery of her sweetest smiles on railway officials, with the result that twelve men were detailed to "find that dog."

Ten days later a lean and hungry Ignatz was discovered near Rock, Nevada, thirty miles from the spot where he started his desert tour. According to the oldest inhabitant, there was nothing for him to eat there but coyotes and wildcats. He returned home full of enthusiasm and fleas and was given a hearty welcome and a bath.

Through With Operations

VIOLA DANA dispensed with a

troublesome appendix the other day. After the operation was over and Viola was able to sit up, her chum, Alice Lake, asked her how she enjoyed the proceedings.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

Agnes Ayres has been very ill indeed with influenza, but we are happy to inform you that she is getting better. She is convalescing in Florida.

"Oh, it could have been worse," said Viola, "but I'll never have it done again."

Fate Tricks Agnes Ayres

THERE'S many a slip twixt the cup and the hip, as the poet says. Take the case of Bebe Daniels and Agnes Ayres, now.

The luscious Bebe went West to co-star with Antonio Moreno in *The Exciters*. But appendicitis laid her low.

So Agnes Ayres was assigned the part. Agnes went to New York, and no sooner had she reached the big town when she fell a victim to influenza, and moved into the same room at the hospital that Bebe had just vacated!

And now Bebe has convalesced so rapidly that she is going to do the picture, after all. Personally and from a perfectly unbiased standpoint, we consider Bebe a more potent exciter!

Hail the Unknown Hero

ANOTHER gem of eloquence has been enshrined in Hollywood's records!

Fair women and brave men were gathered around the festive board in a New York hotel. It was in honor of Jackie Coogan, and one who shall here be nameless rose to do honor to Mrs. Coogan, prevented by illness from being present.

"I offer a toast to Mrs. Coogan, the mother of our Jackie. Drink to the goose who laid the golden egg!"

Shrieks prevented the speaker from continuing. When he would have finished his toast, a diner gasped, "Sit down, you're famous already!"

"And the Gateman Didn't

Recognize Him"

ERNEST TORRANCE, we are informed by the press department of Universal City, is an expert at make-up. He has been a noted figure on the New York and London stage for twenty years. Yet he takes off his hat to his fellow screen players, whose make-ups are *so realistic that he often fails to recognize them!*

This "realistic make-up" story will now be relegated to the moth balls during the months of June, July and August. Any press agent tendering same before termination of above dates will be tipped off to the revenooers.

Baby Peggy Graduates

BABY PEGGY has been so successful in her two-reel comedies that she is to graduate into five-reelers. Just as soon as the right story and the right director can be secured for her, the jitney Juliet will start work.

You May See Rudie

IF you are lucky enough to live in certain cities, you may see Rodolph Valentino in person, very soon. Rudie is doing a six-weeks dancing tour at a salary of \$6,000 a week and one-half of the profits of the trip.

Thus far, he has been mobbed by women, anxious to see the star, at every public appearance.

It is whispered that Valentino was offered \$7,000 a week by Paramount, recently, which Valentino failed to accept. He would be good for only about two years in the kind of pictures he has been doing. Rudie is said to have stated that he intended to feather his nest while feathers were plentiful. He insisted he was worth more than \$7,000 to Paramount.



INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

Bebe Daniels, looking a bit pale and wan but still cheerful, recovering at Atlantic City from the ravages of the "flu."

Probably he is. A director at the Lasky studio stated recently, in confidence, that Paramount could pay Valentino \$20,000 a week, and make money on him.

Blame Harold Lloyd For This

HERE'S one that Harold Lloyd told the other day:

"This is a case for the coroner," said the traffic cop after the crash.

"No—it's for the mayor," feebly answered the bootlegger, as he came to.

James Kirkwood to Support Mrs. Reid

JAMES KIRKWOOD has quit the leading role in *The Fool* to play opposite Dorothy Davenport Reid in *The Living Dead*, the anti-narcotic play being filmed as a memorial to Mrs. Reid's husband, the late Wallace Reid.

Ralph Graves Loses Wife

MRS. RALPH GRAVES is dead. She did not survive the birth of her baby son, born recently.

SCREENLAND offers its sincere sympathy to the young father, one of the most admirable actors in the film colony.

Those Ten Commandments

CONJECTURE as to how Cecil B. DeMille could make a picture embodying all of the Ten Commandments is now set at rest. Cecil is to make ten pictures, each one based on a commandment.

Since you can get away with al-

most anything in the name of the Bible, the censors will probably stand for every one of the pictures.

"The Pilgrim's" Progress

THE word is going out that Chaplin made a grave mistake in stringing *The Pilgrim* out to four reels. As a two-reeler, it would have netted more laughs than any two-reeler issued this year. As it is, it failed in New York to draw as well as *The Hottentot*, a comedy drama that started out pretentiously but that has been creating a furor in the industry.

But even drawn out to four reels, it gave this old flat tire more laughs than we have enjoyed for many moons.

The Odds On Matrimony

BETTING in the studios is 3 to 2 this week that Pola and Charlie will never marry.

Rudie Won't Dance for Hollywood

RODOLPH VALENTINO turned down a \$10,000 a week offer to dance at the Ambassador in Los Angeles, on the grounds that it might endanger his prestige to dance before an audience composed largely of professional people.

Bert Lytell, who has been scoring heavily in a vaudeville sketch in Los Angeles, says he has never performed for a more sympathetic audience.

Maybe Rudie is afraid that Jesse Lasky might get a ringside seat and make a "snoot" at him.

Gloria Is Lavish Hostess

GLORIA SWANSON is not at all selfish with her lovely big 22-room mansion. She has many guests, and many lights shine nightly from the hospitable windows. Her monthly meat bill is said to average \$1,000, according to servants' gossip, and her rent is also \$1,000.

Is Lila Lee To Wed?

WE HAVE been hoping to announce an engagement between Lila Lee and James Kirkwood, believing that such actually existed. But Mrs. Apfel, the fair Lila's mother, dashes our hopes by saying that "Lila isn't going to marry Meester Kirkwood. She is just keeding him along."

Warner Brothers Achieve Coup

THOSE clever Warner Brothers have achieved a real coup in luring Belasco away from the stage. Not only have they secured the great producer to supervise the filming of *Tiger Rose*, but they have also signed the beautiful Lenore Ulrich to star in it. Belasco is also going to supervise *Deburau* and *The Gold Diggers*.

Gaby's Bedstead in Hollywood

THE golden bedstead which housed the slumbers of Gaby Deslys has been brought to Hollywood. It is being used in the Louis Gasnier picture, *Daughters of the Rich*, at the Schulberg studio.

The bed is shaped like a graceful boat, elaborately covered with gold leaf and the footboard resembling a prow which supports a gold angel. The backboard is shaped like a sail.

Bryant Washburn in Accident

BRYANT WASHBURN is thanking all the gods that be for the narrow escape from death of his little son, Dwight. Mr. and Mrs. Washburn and the three-year-old boy were riding in an automobile on Hollywood Boulevard recently, when a truck crashed into their car. Mr. and Mrs. Washburn were both injured and the little boy was hurled to the pavement, narrowly escaping the wheels of the heavy truck. The child incurred bruises only.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

May McAvoy would rather do almost anything than spill salt. She is sure that it presages bad luck.

Superstitions of the Stars

To What Extent Does the Occult Rule the Lives of the Film Favorites?

By L. C. KITZELMAN

IN STUDIOLAND there is a magazine writer, Elizabeth Peltret, who reads palms and tells fortunes for her own amusement. Actors, than whom there are none more child-like in their belief in the occult, flock to her, to have the veil shrouding the future torn aside. Although she does this only as a lark, an amazing number of her prophecies have come true.

She considers it bad psychology to tell her famous subjects unpleasant things which might cause them to worry, so she jots down certain predictions in a little book, and checks up on events as they happen. Among the predictions since realized are the untimely death of Wallace Reid and the marriage of Bill Hart. When Miss Peltret told Bill he was slated for wedding bells, he gave her the merry "Pooh-Pooh" and swore that he was an incurable bachelor.

Still More Fame for Mary

MISS PELTRET declares that Mary Pickford will reach even greater heights and that her very finest portrayal will be that of a young mother.

She also says that Charlie Chaplin

will be impelled by an almost uncanny force from his successful career as the world's greatest comedian to highly dramatic and historical roles. His musical talents portend the composition of an operatic masterpiece. Chaplin and Pickford fans should watch these predictions with interest.

Stars Are Crystal Gazers

MADAM Z—, a popular crystal gazer, says that most of her clients are of the "professional," as the stage and screen folk term their fascinating industry. The questions they ask her are nearly always about ultimate success or coveted engagements. Sometimes, when a new contract is offered, an actress will come to Madam Z—, to find out if the signs are auspicious, should she accept the contract.

Seldom are sentimental issues brought up, for ambition seems to come first in the minds of both men and women. Or perhaps they feel perfectly competent to deal with mere affairs of the heart, themselves.

Madam Z— thinks that most people with artistic tendencies have pet superstitions.

It is an age old superstition that to whistle in the dressing-room jeopardizes the success of the show. Mary Pickford used to believe in the whistling jinx, and at one time a young player in her company was warned that if he did not cease his bird-like tremolos, he might have to whistle elsewhere than on the Pickford pay-roll. But now all fears have flown from Mary's dramatic background.

Douglas Fairbanks scoffs at all superstitions. He has no faith in crystals or palm-reading.

Another Old-time Stage

BUG-BEAR was the "round-top" or "camel back" trunk, which presaged disaster for everybody, and caused the owner (always an amateur innocent of stage lore) to rush out and buy a flat-topped receptacle whether he could afford it or not. There is a practical reason for this belief, in that baggage smashers could not pile other trunks upon the round topped variety and consequently they wreaked their vengeance on the offending trunklet in order to be rid of it. The luckless owner was an object of contempt

and ill-feeling until he invested in the regulation model and peace was restored. This superstition is not held to in movie circles.

Many players in the old days would not lay a hat on a bed, which was first cousin to the belief that one's shoes must never be laid on a shelf or table for fear the owner would "fall down" in his part, "go up" in his lines, or something. The fourth and queerest twist was that the famous song "The Holy City," must never be played in any theatre, or the following production would fail inevitably.

Casting directors say that actors never turn down engagements because of superstition, even though the picture is to start on Friday. Universal has one director, however, in the person of Edward Sedgewick, who positively refuses to start a picture on that day.

William deMille's Hat

THE famous DeMilles, Cecil and William, care not a jot for the day or the date, but both have individual peculiarities. William has an antique and dilapidated, slouch, felt hat, without which he will not direct a picture. This picturesque hat is so much a part of his personality that each different angle indicates his particular mood, and when jammed on in a certain way indicates that it is well to let the famous director alone.

Photo by WITZEL



Russell Simpson says the only signs he believes in are "Measles," "Smallpox" and "Keep Off The Grass." He is not superstitious about sitting down to a table set for thirteen unless there is only food enough for twelve.

Colleen Moore, being Irish, insists that if she sees a white horse and a red-haired girl on the same day, she will get a fine new contract.

Cecil has a "good luck" overcoat, which he dons whenever things are going wrong, but his main standby in a silver dollar which some one gave him as a lucky piece in the days when things were going badly and the world was a sad, sad place. Suddenly everything changed for the better and fame and fortune followed. Incidentally, the magic dollar became mixed with other dollars, one of which bore the same date, and now the busy director has

William deMille (left) simply will not direct a picture without his disreputable felt hat, while Cecil deMille pins his faith to a lucky silver dollar.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

to carry both of them, for fear he might spend the wrong one.

Theodore Kosloff treasures as a mascot, a pre-war ten rouble gold piece, which is now worth about two million in paper money. Zell Covington, the buggy-driving-doughnut-eating lover in *The Old Homestead*, pins his faith on a half-dollar of 1832. This however, does not prevent the nimble Zell from sprinting after coins of more recent date.

Theodore Roberts always wears some article of clothing in a new picture which he wore in a previous success. In *Something To Think About*, he wore a red shirt which originally appeared in his famous stage play, *The Right Of Way*.

Tommy's Mascot is Locket

THOMAS MEIGHAN carries as his good luck lure, a locket containing the picture of his mother.

Harold Lloyd, although young and extremely modern, will not raise an umbrella in front of a camera, while Julia Faye declares that she has no fear of anything, loves black cats and looks upon Friday as her lucky day.

Gloria Swanson also loves cats and so tender was her care of the two original pets of the Lasky studio, that they sent for all their friends, relatives, in-laws and descendants, until 327 cats now live on the lot. This is lucky for the butcher and the cats.



METRO PHOTO

This love scene between Alice Terry and Rodolph Valentino illustrates one of the most naive workings of the censorial mind, if any. Objecting to a married woman falling in love with "Julio" (Valentino), the censors made "Marguerite Laurier" merely the fiancée of "Laurier." But they forget to cut out the scenes showing "Marguerite" and her husband in their bed-room. Thus making "Marguerite" the mistress of "Laurier."

A goil can smoke in Pennsylvania unless she seems to be obviously enjoying the deed. Shannon Day's performance would undoubtedly be cut as "degrading."



Photo by HOOVER

out of Censorship

BONNIE WILSON

Ethel Clayton is a nice girl and all that, but she can't appear in her nightie before Pennsylvania film audiences. No siree, the censors won't let her so corrupt the state's morals!



METRO PHOTO

The Kansas censors seen their duty and done it noble when Rex Ingram tried to debase Kansas morals with a "prolonged scene in a dance hall of the underworld" in his "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Rodolph Valentino's pulse-stirring tango was "indecorous," some censors thought. They probably would have preferred the schottische or the quadrille—in an Argentine dive!





Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Ford, son and daughter-in-law of Henry Ford, were guests of Mae Murray during their recent visit to Los Angeles and Hollywood.

High Life *in* Hollywood

OH YES, of course you want to know about the latest rift in the Chaplin-Negri lute. Only don't tell anyone we told you, for The Tatler crossed her heart and bobbed her heels she wouldn't breathe it to a soul.

Charlie and Pola hadn't been speaking for three or four days, it seemed, so the nosey old papers sent reporters out to the Chaplin studios to find out what was the trouble. Charlie, naturally, wouldn't talk. One reporter hung around all day (being a personal friend of the comedian's, Charlie couldn't throw him out). Just as the shades of night were falling, the reporter asked casually, "When you going to be married, Charlie?"

"Oh, I'm too poor to get married," said Charlie, laughing. Meaning, probably, "Please mind your own business."

The reporter trotted blithely back to his shop and wrote a nice story about Charlie being too poor to marry, that he had to work too hard to get married, etc., etc.

Well, to make a long story longer, when Pola awakened to find that she had been publicly jilted in such a cavalier fashion, it naturally spoiled

her whole day. Fiancées have their pride.

So, after a stormy session, Pola appeared with a tear-blotted statement that she handed to her publicity man, Al Wilkie. It read simply:

"If Charlie Chaplin is too poor to get married, I am too poor to support him."

"My God!" gasped Wilkie. "You can't publish *that*."

So poor Wilkie worked out a statement that both Pola and the studio could stand for, and handed it to the eagerly waiting press men.

The new statement read tactfully that Miss Negri, too, was poor; Charles Chaplin should marry a rich wife, and she, La Negri, was never one to stand in the way of happiness of anyone. And so she gave Mr. Chaplin back his freedom and his ring.

Hollywood buzzed with the news. But Chaplin was furious. The poor press agent who had labored so hard to smooth things over was summoned to the Negri home. He sat in the drawing-room and waited for Chaplin; the atmosphere was funereal. From above came the sound of stormy sobs.

Then Chaplin came. Pola came. Mutual recriminations, accusations, denials. Chaplin damned the press and all publicity people. He had sold his very soul for fame; he had no privacy, no personal privileges! What could he do to make ridiculous the press that had so persecuted him?

"Why not go off tonight and get married?" asked Wilkie. "That would make 'em look foolish."

But no, they didn't want to do that. Not right now. But Charlie convinced Pola that he hadn't done anything and hadn't meant it if he did. So they made up. And they're going to be married. Sometime. When they get around to it.

(N.B. We didn't get this from the poor press agent, so don't blame him, Charlie.)

The Valentino-Hudnut Romance

AND so they were married—again. May they live happily "ever after."

After matrimonial vicissitudes that proved irrevocably that the course of true love ne'er runs smooth, Rodolph Valentino and Winifred Hudnut are at last man and wife, even in California.

The nuptials took place at Crown Point, Ind. The ceremony for which the whole world waited was performed by a bored justice of the peace, who little recked that Rodolph Guglielmi and Winifred de-Wolfe were the great lover and his bride.

After the important event, Mr. and Mrs. Valentino went to the Blackstone hotel in Chicago, in which city they are dancing at the neat salary of \$6,000 a week.

Betty Compson Starts New Vogue

QUITE the smartest fad in months was started by charming Betty Compson, at the Cocoanut Grove the other evening. Around a pink silken clad ankle, Betty wore a brilliant kerchief. Over her shoulders was draped another and larger kerchief of matching shade.

And now that Betty has started the vogue, kerchiefs are the rage and dozens of them are seen wherever film folk congregate.

The Fairbanks Are Feted

THE Douglas Fairbanks were the guests of honor at an informal studio tea given by Carl Laemmle on the Universal lot, recently. More than five hundred actors, in make-up, stopped work to greet the lovely Mary and her athletic spouse.

Mary and King Baggott, once a popular matinee idol but now a Universal director, chatted of old times, when Mary was Baggott's leading



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

Agnes Ayres and her adopted daughter, Agnes Ayres second. Little Agnes is big Agnes' niece, really, and adores the ground aunty "Agney" walks on.

lady. They laughed over the memory of *Going Straight*, a "super-special" of a decade ago, which has lately been revived. If you have seen it, you know the reason for their mirth.

That Egyptian Influence

HOLLYWOOD has gone mad over the Egyptian trend in clothes.

Clare West, the noted fashion designer for Paramount pictures, is just back from Paris, with the most intriguing novelties in fashions.

Skirts are to be twelve inches from the ground, Miss West informs us. The Egyptian twist on frocks and hats is distinctly the thing. Net stockings made of *one thread* and worn with sandals, are very chic indeed.

These sheer hose are so very thin that the effect is of no stockings at all. But why pay \$100 for a pair of invisible hosiery, query such advanced thinkers as Connie Talmadge and Nita Naldi. They get the same effect at no cost at all by simply leaving off the stockings. Connie's slim ankles, protected only by a tinkling diamond anklet, may be seen twinkling on the Cocoanut Grove floor almost any Tuesday evening.

The Morenos Flit Eastward

HOLLYWOOD's prize honeymooners, the Antonio Morenos, have wended their way Eastward for a

combination post-honeymoon and business trip.

Tony is to co-star with Bebe Daniels in *The Exciters*.

Both Hollywood and Los Angeles mourn their loss, for Antonio and his bride, who was Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger, are prominent figures in social circles.

Alice Terry Bobs Her Hair

QUITE in the face of Fashion's edict that bobbed hair is passé, Alice Terry has returned from Gotham town with her lovely brown locks cut short. The effect is charming.

You will probably never have a chance to view the effect, however, as Alice always wears a blonde wig on the screen. A matter of "halations," or something technical; anyway, Alice screens better as a blonde.

Colleen Moore is Feted

A SAINT PATRICK day's party, with Colleen Moore as the guest of honor, was held at the Cocoanut Grove. It was a gay affair. Table favors were cunning Colleen Moore dolls.

Film celebrities who had parties were Marshall Neilan, Robert Frazier, Maurice Flynn and Bryant Washburn.

The Writers' Revue

THE Writers' Revue this year is to be even more of a sensation than that of last year, if advance publicity data can be believed. With



Photo by MELBOURNE SPURR

This is an interesting little person, Mrs. Monte Blue. Mrs. Blue, while active in Hollywood social circles, has spent most of her efforts in furthering her husband's screen career.

such a brilliant corps of backers, The Tatler avers that it ought to be the kitty's own pajamas.

Mary Pickford, Charles Ray, Douglas Fairbanks, June Mathis and Marion Fairfax are just a few of the famous names.

Ruth Roland Was Stunning

RUTH ROLAND was the object of much interest at dinner at the Montmartre, a new Hollywood dinner-and-dance place, recently. She was lovely in a gown of silver, shot with blue, made with a slight bouffant effect, and trimmed with silver lace and small blue ostrich tips.

Nita is So—Stimulating!

THE regal Nita Naldi has been with us for a few short days, before taking the train back to her beloved Broadway. Hollywood regrets that La Naldi likes us so little—she is so stimulating! Our provincial village thrills so deliciously at Nita's city ways.

The other evening at the Ambassador, Nita appeared in a most daring black lace gown that revealed "every line of her lithe young body," as Laura Jean Libby used to put it. Not even Gloria Swanson undresses so engagingly as this daughter of Broadway's white lights.

Leatrice Joy Weds Again

LEATRICE JOY is once more a married woman. She married Jack Gilbert over again the other evening just to make sure that the first marriage at Tia Juana in 1921 had "taken."

The first wedding took place only a fortnight after Gilbert had been granted a divorce from his first wife. The pair were happy together until the Valentino case precipitated doubts as to whether their marriage also was illegal. So they separated until husband Jack's interlocutory decree was made final.

But now they married "till death does them part," and they dare any old lawyer to deny them happiness.

Kathlyn Williams Sails for Orient

KATHLYN WILLIAMS, the lovely Mrs. Charles Eyton, has sailed for the Orient. She and her husband started for the Far East a few months ago, but their journey was curtailed because of a tiresome little war. Now, however, Miss Williams

is on the high seas, en route to Shanghai, Peking and the Great Wall.

Luncheon for Film Folk

A NUMBER of ladies prominent in film circles were guests at a beautifully appointed luncheon at the Mary Helen tea rooms in Hollywood, recently, by Mrs. Laurene Santley of New York. The table



Photo by EVANS

Miss Colleen Moore was honor guest at a gay party at the Ambassador's Coconut Grove, recently. Favors were Colleen Moore dolls.

was gay with spring flowers, and corsage bouquets of violets marked the places.

The guests included Mrs. George Melford, Mrs. Monte Blue, Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, Leslie Curtis, Mrs. Alan Hale and Mrs. Carlyle Blackwell.

Party for Younger Set

CLARENCE BADGER, JR., son of the prominent director, was host at an attractive party at the Badger home, in celebration of his birthday.

Among the guests were Miss June Caprice, Mr. Lewis Sargent, Miss Billie Dove and Mr. Kenneth Harlan.

Dog Show Has Many Entries

THE elite of Hollywood has turned out en masse to enter their pets at the third annual show of the Crown City Kennel Club, at Pasadena.

Miss Dorothy Devore has entered a fine Great Dane and a blooded

Scotch terrier, acting for Charles Christie.

The finest griffons in America are entered by Miss Irene Castle.

Allen Holubar is entering in his prize Airdales, while Mrs. Holobar (Dorothy Phillips) is sponsoring a fleet of tiny Pekinese.

Al St. John, the comedian will have two fine English bull dogs competing.

William Beaudine, the director, has entered a pair of highly pedigreed Scotch collies.

Birthday Party for Anita Stewart

A LARGE birthday cake was the feature of a birthday party given in honor of Miss Anita Stewart's birthday, at the Beverly Hills hotel recently. Only members of the immediate family of Miss Stewart were present. A great bouquet of American Beauty roses was presented to the star.

Anna Q. Nilsson is Bride

ANNA Q. NILSSON, the stately blonde star, has fallen a victim to Cupid's wiles. Her marriage to John M. Gunnerson of Los Angeles was solemnized quietly, recently.

Her marriage will not interfere with her screen career, she announces.

Dinner at Beverly

MR. PATRICK A. POWERS, head of the Robertson-Cole film corporation, was host to two hundred friends at a dinner-dance at the Beverly Hills hotel.

The smart Beverly hostelry has many interesting guests. Elsie Ferguson stopped there, during her stay in Los Angeles, while appearing in a local theatre in *The Wheel of Life*. Mr. and Mrs. Owen Moore (the beautiful Kathryn Perry) live at this hotel also.

The Studio Club Drive

CHARITY begins at home, it is said. Perhaps that is why picture people are lending their efforts so generously to raise funds for the proposed home of the Studio Club. The club, composed of young girls engaged in picture work, has outgrown its present home on Carlos avenue.

Mrs. Thomas Patten, wife of the Hollywood representative of Will Hays, entertained her group of

women workers at tea at her home. Spring flowers were used for decorations.

A Chicago Visitor

MRS. ROSE GALLERY of Chicago is the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Gallery (ZaSu Pitts), at their home on Pinehurst Road. Many lunches and dinners have been tendered Mrs. Gallery during her stay here.

A farewell party is being arranged for ZaSu, who is soon to go to San Francisco on location for several months.

Dagmar Godowsky Entertains Singer.

MRS. FRANK MAYO, the exotic Dagmar Godowsky, gave a smart tea at her studio recently for Titta Ruffo, acclaimed the greatest singer since the untimely passing of Caruso. Miss Godowsky and Signor Ruffo were friends together in Europe, when they were children.

Writers' Dinner

TEN leading figures in the cinema and literary world gathered round a luncheon table at the Writers' Club recently. The luncheon was given by Miss Jeanie MacPherson in honor of her uncle, who is visiting her from the east.

Mrs. Alan Hale Entertains

MRS. ALAN HALE, wife of the distinguished actor, entertained at a gay St. Patrick's day party, at her home on Las Palmas avenue. Green shamrocks for place cards and green ribbon decorations lent a festive air. The guests were wives of directors and actors in the film colony.

Mrs. Hayakawa to Go East

MRS. SESSUE HAYAKAWA gave a delightful tea at her lovely castle-like home on Franklin avenue, prior to her departure to join her husband in the East.

Maurice, the Modest

THAT just too fascinating Maurice, the dancer, has been dragged, protesting, into another divorce suit again. As co-respondent. This is the third time Maurice has been waltzed into court in famous divorce suits. The first was with Peggy Hopkins Joyce; the second, with Mrs. J. V. Nash and then Lady Furness. And Maurice doesn't like

it at all, because he modestly disclaims all claims to being a heart-breaker.

"It seems to me," Maurice says, "that when any famous man wants a divorce from his wife, he looks around and says:

"Aha, I remember now, she danced with Maurice once,' and presto, this poor dancer is named as co-respondent," and Maurice looked too abused for words.

"My business is dancing with pretty women. It is not my fault if they all try to make love to me."

Poor, harried Maurice! His violet-like shrinking reminds The Tatler of our one interview with him.

Maurice was shaking a wicked ankle at the Ambassador and The Tatler wended her way down to ask him to pose for a series of dancing pictures for this magazine. Admitted to the presence, we put the question, expecting him to fall on our neck (figuratively, we beg to assure you) for the thousand dollars worth of publicity we were offering. But we were rash enough to show him a proof of a page of photographs of Valentino dancing with Gloria Swanson.

Maurice took one look and bridled. That was exactly what he did.

"I cannot mingle my name with these," he ejaculated, with a heavy French accent. (He was born in Brooklyn.) "I am an artist, I am Maurice, I am the father of all these dances. I cannot follow in their footsteps. If you had come to me first, yes. Then I would have acceded to your plea. But now, no, nevaire!"

Remembering our editor's orders to get an opinion on Valentino's dancing, as one artist to another, we asked him what he thought of Valentino's dancing. This was a short while after Rudie's tango dance in *The Four Horsemen* had set the flappers pulsating.

Maurice lit a cigarette languidly. "Well, of course, this-er-Valentino hasn't the fundamentals as far as technique goes," he said graciously, "but I understand he is getting along quite well in the pictures."

Exit The Tatler, quite groggy.

We Have Lost a King

THEODORE KOSLOFF has no interest at all in the social welfare of Hollywood, apparently. He has lost us our chance of having a king in

our midst. Theodore has just returned to Hollywood from New York, where he refused the chance of becoming a king of Tartary, Kahn of Kazan, to be exact. Members of the Liberal party of Kazan strove to induce him to go back to his strange little country on the Volga, between Russia and Siberia, to the kingship to which Kosloff is entitled by birth. But Theodore decided he would rather have gold in his pocket than a gold crown on his head—with the chance of losing said head. The king business is a risky one these days.

But think of the *eclat* it would have given Hollywood social affairs, to have the Kahn of Kazan present! Especially one we could slap on the back and say, "Well Theodore, old horse, that was pretty snappy emoting you did today."

The Rogers are Returning

MR. AND MRS. WILL ROGERS are back in Hollywood, after their winter's season in New York, where Will is the life of the party in the Follies. All the ponies are being brought up from the pastures and are being given the grooming of their lives, and the Rogers children are having a glorious time playing around with their long-lost dad.

Pola Wanted Gloria's House

GLORIA SWANSON'S lovely new home in Beverly is to be closed up during Gloria's stay in New York. Pola Negri went out to look the house over, with a view to renting it, but after considering the matter, Captain Swanson, Gloria's father, announced for her that the house was not to be rented.

Niblos Go East

NEW YORK is claiming many of our most charming Hollywoodians. Now Fred Niblo and his lovely little wife, Enid Bennett, are flitting Gotham-ward. We hope they will not stay for long.

Star is Host

MR. AND MRS. EARLE WILLIAMS recently entertained Miss Constance Talmadge and Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn at a Cocanut Grove party. Mrs. Williams wore an evening gown of cerise velvet with silver. Mrs. Washburn looked extremely demure in white satin. Miss Talmadge wore black velvet.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

IT'S A HARD LIFE, MATES!

Showing just one of the many hardships befalling a screen star. Though Conway Tearle has been a screen lover for years and years, he can't seem to get the pose with Betty Compson just right. That's so Director Herbert Brenon will keep on rehearsing the scene.

In and About

PALS

Agnes Ayres and her baby police dog. Cunning things, both of 'em.

PARAMOUNT PHOTO



METRO PHOTO

THE SKY PILOT OF HOLLYWOOD

The Reverend Neal Dodd, completely surrounded by those terrible picture people. Those admiring glances are being rendered by Marguerite de La Motte (on the left) and Estelle Taylor (right). Walter Long and Director Rowland V. Lee are rendering the envious glances.



OLD MARRIED FOLKS

Married nearly two years now, and still speaking. Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope, snapped on the Ince studio grounds.



SCHULBERG PHOTO

A SUMPTUOUS REPAST

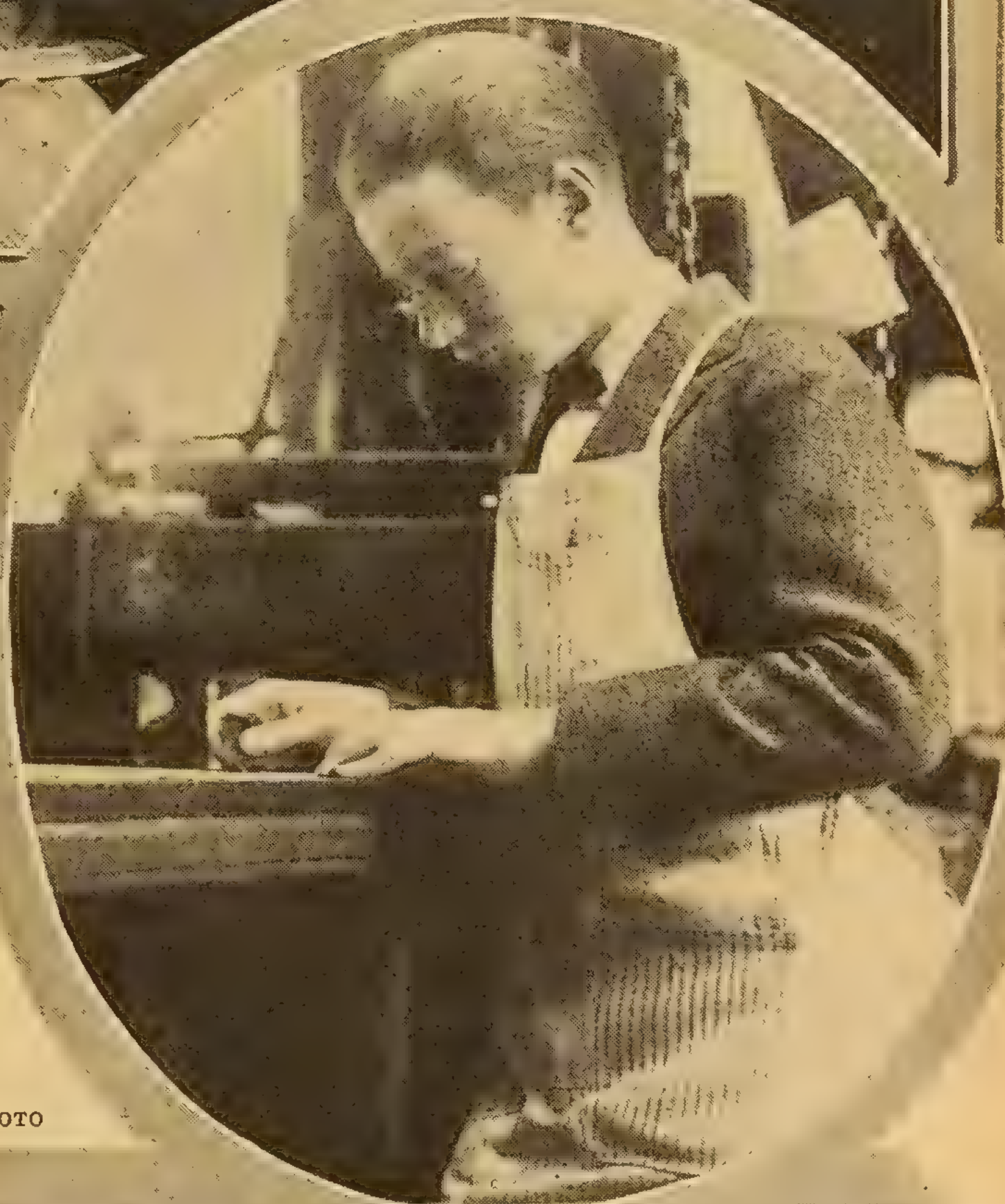
You've heard of the Lucullian banquets of the effete film stars. Here's one of 'em. Doughnuts and coffee for Tom Forman, Marguerite de La Motte and Harrison Ford.

Screenland

A NEW ROLE FOR WESLEY

Wes Barry visited a newspaper office in Boston recently and decided he'd learn something about making up a paper. But when the boys set him hunting for "type lice," Wes decided he'd stick to the movies.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

STARS, DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED

Richard Barthelmess takes time off from making "The Bright Shawl" to say howdy to Gladys Cooper, said to be the most beautiful actress on the English stage.



PARAMOUNT PHOTO

ONE, TWO, THREE, REST—

Gloria Swanson, practicing her music lesson and having the darndest time with her fingering exercises. Wonder if she's playing "The Dance of the Demon" or maybe it's "The Battle of Waterloo" with variations.



Photo by HOOVER

Five years old, goin' on six is Billy Bowes, the sturdy little son of Claire Windsor. Isn't he an adorable little Jack Tar?



Photo by HOOVER

The Irish twinkle in baby Loris' eyes would make you swear she was born on the ould sod itself. But no, Loris is a Hollywood baby, the prized daughter of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett.

Are *Babies* Fashionable?

In some Hollywood circles they are, extremely so. Eugenists should be interested in these photographs of film families. Did you ever see more beautiful babies than these?



Photo by SPURR

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn and their two fine boys, in the grounds of the Washburn home in Hollywood.



Photo by SPURR

Tom Mix thinks that there never was a nicer baby girl than Thomasina. We think so, too.



Photo by HOOVER

Here's one baby who is the image of her daddy. William Desmond is mighty proud of this sweet study of Mary McIvor Desmond and baby Joanna.



Photo by HOOVER

Those great eyes that look out so gravely upon a strange world belong to ZaSu Ann Gallery, the adored new daughter of Tom Gallery and ZaSu Pitts. Little ZaSu Ann isn't quite sure whether she likes being photographed or not.



Photo by EVANS

Just as fat as butter is the huggable baby boy of Ella Hall and Emory Johnson. Any film star would give a good deal to possess such dimpled elbows as baby Johnson's. We're not quite sure, but we think he has a dimple in his knee, too.



Photo by EVANS

No wonder Jack Holt smiles proudly when he looks at Jack, Jr. A "better baby," surely. Just gaze on those Cupid's bow lips and that beautifully shaped head.

EDITORIAL

Capitalizing A Tragedy

THE FOLLOWING significant item is clipped from an exhibitor's trade journal. The italics are our own.

"Cisco, Texas—W. H. Mayhew of the Broadway theatre, after the death of Wallace Reid, turned the showing of *Thirty Days* into a commemorative showing for the actor.

"Mr. Mayhew used large star photographs mounted on a large compo-board star, with small wisps of crepe draped over the points. This was placed in the lobby, along with the regular display, and an announcement that this was Reid's last picture.

"*This cast just the proper sanctity for the occasion.*"

"Cashing in" on a tragedy is scarcely in good taste, even though a proper air of sanctity is achieved.

* * *

What Becomes of Bad Pictures?

AT LEAST two cameras are always trained on every scene. Sometimes as many as twenty are used. Every close-up and important scene is "shot" many times. The best film is used; the others, so nearly like the chosen one that the layman could not tell the difference, are rejected. What becomes of them?

Sometimes an entirely new picture is made out of the left-over film from a feature. Did you know that the Paramount picture *Don't Tell Everything* was made from the scraps of *The Affairs of Anatol*? A smashing article entitled *The Flop Market* will tell you what happens to the bad pictures. In SCREENLAND for July. Out June first.

* * *

Care in Little Things

A VISIT to a studio would certainly open the eyes of a good many critics of motion pictures. The patience and intensive labor to make perfect a trifle that the average person would never notice is nothing short of admirable.

Charles Brabin, the director who made *Driven* and is now filming *Six Days* for Goldwyn, took us into the projection room to view the day's "rushes." A suicide of a ruined business man was being run off. The single scene where the man lies dead upon the office floor, with a little curl of smoke trickling from the gun, speaking mutely of the tragedy, was run off time and again, while a group of highly trained experts discussed lights, halation, the curve of a finger, and above all, the little trickle of smoke. Then, after having shot that scene a dozen times, Mr. Brabin decided to do it over. Which probably shows why *Driven* is the almost perfect picture it is.

In order to get the smoke from the revolver, by the way, a time fuse was inserted in the gun.

Bill Is Invincible

A READER from Connellsville, Pa., writes us to comment on Colonel Selig's remark about the efficient William Farnum and his screen ability to lick his weight in wild-cats:

"I remember seeing Bill in a picture several years ago. I forget the title, but he was holding off a big gang of villains with guns and thousands of rounds of ammunition and everything. And Bill and the heroine were in a bad way. Bill had only one gun and his ammunition was all gone. What to do, what to do? Bill discovers a big crate floating on the sea, and gets it onto the beach and opens it—and what do you think?—it was full of rifles and ammunition! So Bill and the girl were saved. The guns shot like regular rifles but I guess they must have been air-guns—because they floated so high in the water!"

* * *

The Small Town Exhibitor

WHAT does the small town exhibitor consider a good picture? The picture that you may consider a perfect knock-out is liable to strike the manager of the theatre as a terrible frost. Why? *Blood and Sand*, for instance, broke all records in metropolitan theatres and left the seats empty in the small towns, while *Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?* packed 'em in. The theatre owner in a small town has a most interesting viewpoint on pictures. Read about it in SCREENLAND for July.

* * *

Defenders of Arbuckle

HERE is a typical screed from a defender of Roscoe Arbuckle. It is from a reader in Calgary, Alberta:

"Is it not a shame that there should be even a murmur against Arbuckle's coming back? Are those that hiss him perfect? There are hundreds of cases which have been hushed up; if they were made public they would look a lot worse than Arbuckle's. I say, be human and give the man a chance."

Dinna greet, ye sympathizers with the fat comedian. Arbuckle is as busy as a village gossip, directing a comedy. And as he has a substantial interest in a big film producing company, he is doing very nicely, thank you.

* * *

A Correction

BY MISTAKE, the name of Charlotte Stevens was dropped by the linotyper from the caption of Charlotte's photograph, illustrating the type of head-dresses affected by the late Gaby Deslys. We regret the error.



THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

The Covered Wagon

—PARAMOUNT

IN WHICH three things are proven: that a "western" can be highly successful; that a character actor in a minor role can steal a picture; and that James Cruze is a great director.

The screen version of Emerson Hough's epic of the winning of the west is a great picture. The spectacle of that long line of prairie schooners moving steadfastly forward, facing death in many forms bravely, is a moving one that will not soon be forgotten. That craving to find the "something lost behind

the mountains" drove the pioneers onward relentlessly.

The ostensible stars of *The Covered Wagon* are Lois Wilson and J. Warren Kerrigan. But the real stars, whose work shines forth most brightly, are Tully Marshall and Ernest Torrence. The one priceless scene where these two old prairie-dogs "likker up" to a lush state and prove their marksmanship by shooting saucepans off each others' heads is enough to award them the laurels.

Lois Wilson is sweet and appealing, but she is not the actress in this

picture that she was in *Miss Lulu Betts*. Kerrigan is almost too beautiful to be true.

It seems petty to point out trivial defects in a fine picture, perhaps, but sometimes trivial defects ruin the realism of a fine play. We wish the wagons had not come through the long journey in such a spotless condition.

James Cruze has won his spurs as a director of the first rank. We look forward with anticipation to his next directorial job, *Merton of the Movies*.



MAD LOVE—Goldwyn

Real dyed-in-the-wool vamps, who drive men mad by their lures, have become quite passé on the screen. Their charms have given way to the bold sophistication of the twentieth century flapper who has Freud and Tridon down to her finger tips. But Pola Negri, with the same divine gift that makes her pre-war gowns look like an advanced model, creates out of this trite stock character a vibrant personality of strong emotions. This spirit has been caught by the hundreds of extras who give a very thrilling and realistic performance of a surging, pulsating and very human mob.

Little Hints for Playgoers



EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE —Principal Pictures

The title of this picture is best thing about it. Kenneth Harlan is a little surprised to find himself among those present. Eileen Percy is plump but pretty. Irving Cummings still has the handicap of amateurishness, but gives promise of doing something interesting when he strikes his stride.

DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS—Hodkinson

A story of the romantic and adventurous whaling days of New Bedford and Nantucket. The scenes of the sea are genuinely beautiful and thrilling, the most thrilling one being the pursuit of a whale by a sea monster. Though many of the situations are trite, the picture is a stirring one.



THE TIGER'S CLAW

—Paramount

A fickle sweetheart; a rejected lover; an adoring native maiden. Placed in a tropical setting, and you have dramatic possibilities. Jack Holt, as the English engineer who takes a native wife in India, to ease the memory of a lost love, has more animation than usual; his performance is good. Eileen Pringle shows marked capabilities as Chamei, the passionate, jealous native woman. Eva Novak is rather colorless. Bertram Grassby gives his usual excellent characterization as the Hindu villain, and Carl Stockdale is to be commended as the maker of magic. A program picture, but a good one.



SOULS FOR SALE—Goldwyn

For unadulterated public interest, Rupert Hughes' picture of motion picture life as it is actually lived in screenland is probably the picture of the season. Fascinating glimpses behind the scenes in the studio are given the playgoer, with scores of famous stars casually introduced in almost every sequence. Indeed, the first reel or two of "Souls For Sale" strangely resembles a travelogue. After that it picks up speed, unravels a swiftly-moving plot and furnishes mighty interesting entertainment. Frank Mayo does a delicious bit of work as a film star, more than a bit conceited but good-hearted withal. Eleanor Boardman is excellent as Remember Steddon, who is literally thrown into the movies from a train speeding through the desert. She falls in with a movie company on location, making "the usual desert picture, with the usual shiek carrying away the usual girl-captive." Lew Cody does some fine tramping as the villainous husband of Remember Steddon. Richard Dix makes it plain to us why so many stars marry their director. Barbara La Marr and Mae Busch are excellent, also. You'll enjoy this picture.



MR. BILLINGS SPENDS HIS DIME—Paramount

Walter Hiers doesn't quite put over his first starring vehicle. We're sorry, for we like him. In spite of a good cast and a plot with comic possibilities, the picture isn't nearly as funny as it should be. Walter Hiers, as the discharged haberdasher's clerk, who goes to a banana republic in search of adventure and a girl and finds both, is only mildly amusing. Jacqueline Logan shines with her usual radiant personality—and George Fawcett and Josef Swikard are good, but the picture is a disappointment.





OTHELLO—Blumenthal Production

Shakespeare's immortal tragedy has been turned into a vital and gripping motion picture. Emil Jannings as Othello contributes another fine characterization. Ica Lenkeffy is excellent as Desdemona and Werner Kraus interesting as Iago.



SCARS OF JEALOUSY

—Thomas H. Ince

The picture is much better than the title. Frank Keenan dominates the picture as Colonel Newland. Lloyd Hughes is splendid as Caddy Jakes. Edward Burns overacts frequently in his portrayal of Jeff Newland, but is attractive withal. Marguerite de la Motte is pretty but not especially striking.



THE SPIDER AND THE ROSE
—Principal Pictures

There is such a narrow, almost imperceptible dividing line between drama and burlesque, bathos and pathos, that the merest accident may catapult a director across the line—and make a burlesque of an otherwise fine drama. Such happens to "The Spider and the Rose." California in the days of Mexican rule is the vivid background, against which intrigue, love-making and revolution move colorfully. The cast includes Louise Fazenda, Joseph Dowling, Robert McKim, as a most handsome and wicked villain; Edwin Stevens, Alice Lake and Gaston Glass.



THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER
—Warner Bros.

The director, William A. Seiter, is the star of this picture. You can fairly see him pulling the strings that make the actor-puppets dance. Some good acting by a fine cast, especially the work of Pauline Starke, is almost buried beneath a deluge of hokum. "The Little Church Around the Corner" is the story of an exasperatingly pious little boy who grows up to be a minister who leads the rescue in a mine disaster, averts a labor war, saves a bloated capitalist and wins the gal. We suspect that Warner Brothers gave Olga Printzlau the title and told her to build a story around it. Kenneth Harlan as the minister is appealing, even beneath a coat of coaldust. Claire Windsor is pretty and more animated than usual. Hobart Bosworth is also among those present. But Pauline Starke steals the picture.

How Do They Do It?

THE non-professional, looking sadly at a set of stiff, prosy proofs of her latest sitting for the camera, looks wistfully at the beautiful, emotional, bizarre pictures of stars in the magazine. "How do they do it?" she sighs.

In the first place, the professional is camera-wise. She feels absolutely no embarrassment as she soulfully gazes into a crystal, or as she coos at a stuffed parrot or canary.

But the non-professional just can't do it. She smirks when she should smile. She grimaces when she thinks she is looking soulful and sad. And she just will stare owl-eyed into the camera! Oh, it's not all beer and skittles, this photographing a non-professional.

The non-professional is acutely conscious of large veined hands, or cords in her neck, of a pone of fat right under the shoulder blade, or a thick ankle. The professional sublimely forgets all defects, knowing that the retouching process will take out everything that offends the eye. She knows that nine times out of ten the right side of the face photographs best. Few stars dare photograph a profile from the left side. Of course, before the motion picture camera the star cannot always choose which side of her face to show, but a good director bears all this in mind. If he doesn't, the player never lets him forget it.

Betty Compson says she used to worry herself almost sick over profiles before the motion picture camera. It made her very self-conscious to turn completely sideways, for she knew her profile was not perfect, artistically speaking. But now she says she has overcome that fear, believing that if she is acting the part to the fullest artistry possible to her, the audience will be more interested in her expression than in her profile. But most of her "stills" are taken full front. Betty even considered having her nose worked on by a plastic surgery expert, but forebore, and luckily, for her slightly crooked nose adds to the piquancy of her elfin face.

Gloria Swanson has too long a nose too, but decided against plastic surgery. Now it is her most famous feature, next to her strange, oriental eyes. A perfectly regular face, with every feature harmonious, is undoubtedly an achievement of nature.



SHE had been branded as a thief. An innocent girl, she spent many weary months behind prison bars where the bitterness crept into her soul.

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The Vanity of Men

MEN are much more vain than women. Yes. Yes, indeed. So say all the photographers of Hollywood. A man has his picture taken less often than a woman, both in private life and on the screen. When a man star finds a pose that satisfies him—and heaven knows he is hard to please—he cherishes it, having thousands of prints made from it.

The non-professional male is excessively vain, extremely hard to please. He makes an occasion of having his picture taken. He makes up his mind to the ordeal but seldom, and he wants the results to confirm all his most flattering suspicions about himself. Any photograph that makes him look in the slightest ridiculous, or one about which his friends or relatives could "kid" him is out. A woman will daintily smell a rose or tickle a kitten's ear or sit with pensive eyes fixed upon an open fire, but a man—no! He shuns anything that savors of sentiment—meaning all along the non-professional of course. He prefers to gaze sternly into the camera, looking a captain of industry. A man almost never smiles in a picture, except by mistake. If the camera chances to catch him again, he tears the proof up hastily, hoping no one else saw it. Of course he doesn't look like that when he smiles!

Some non-professionals are so vain that they resent any retouching of their photographs by the artists. A wart on the chin? It is my wart, and my chin, and since it is my wart on my chin, it must be a good-looking wart, on a strong, manly chin, is the mental attitude. The very fact that a photographer would find anything to iron out of his picture would so infuriate the average man, who believes himself to be a perfect specimen, that he will take his next work elsewhere—ten years from now. Yes, it is true vanity that says, "No matter what the blemish, or apparent blemish, it belongs to me and hence is sacred."

Masculine "Props"

THE only props possible to the male star is a fancy pipe, a wicked cigarette in a luring carved ciga-

rette holder, a shirt with a sports collar open at the throat, to display the manly, slightly hairy, chest. This, of course, within the art studio. The male star almost invariably chooses to be photographed in his home. He loves to be caught, surrounded by his German police dogs, or his Airedales, or his collies. He is always kneeling to stroke the head of the most noble looking dog of them all. Another favorite attitude shows wonderful unselfishness on his part. He is perfectly willing to share this close-up with his horse. With an arm thrown affectionately around the proud neck of the steed, he grins cheerfully into the camera. A golf club, a tennis racquet, a wicked looking revolver, are all indispensable props for the studio that makes a specialty of photographing men. What matter if the full-length portrait shows our Handsome Harold with dress pumps on, and a tennis racquet in his hands? Why quibble with art?

Theodore Roberts without his big black cigar would be practically unrecognizable. Bill Hart without a bandana handkerchief or a revolver would be hard to place.

Leaving the Character In

"DON'T retouch my photographs," Elinor Glyn said to her photographer, "I want all the character left in."

But when the finished photos were submitted, Madame Glyn almost fainted with horror. They made her look about eighty years old. "For heaven's sake, take some of the character out!" she cried, shuddering. And now that she has gotten the craze for beautiful pictures, her photographs are as lineless and meaningless as any screen beauty's.

The professional is wise to make-up. She knows that red on her cheeks will come out black on the photograph. She knows how to calimine her face and neck and arms—and back, and all other exposed parts—so that the flesh looks satiny and unblemished. She knows how to make a tiny little pouting mouth out of a generous slit in her face. Bebe Daniels, for instance, in private life exhibits a very different opening to the alimentary canal than that mouth the public considers so kissable.

As for hair: peroxided blonde hair, unless the greatest pains are

taken in lighting it up, will take perfectly black! Brown hair with high lights in it will often photograph almost blond. Betty Compson's beautiful, wavy soft brown hair is a good example of the kind that takes a "halo" easily. Jacqueline Logan is another star whose hair photographs especially well.

They Still Get a Kick Out of It

ONE would think the stars would get so blasé about photographs of themselves that they would wearily direct the publicity men to let their conscience be their guide. But they don't. The most photographed star in the industry—probably Claire Windsor—still gets an enormous kick out of looking over proofs. The most important and pleasant duty of the day is to make her choice of the "stills" taken on the lot, and to decide which pictures shall go to which magazine.

The enormous cost of being photographed can hardly be guessed at by the non-professional. No picture can be used by two magazines. When a picture is sent out to magazines it is marked "Exclusive to you," and the negative is held until that magazine accepts or sends back the picture. In many cases magazines fail to notify a star or her publicity director that an "exclusive" picture will not be used, and the negative is held indefinitely. One publicity director says that as soon as an "exclusive" photograph is sent out the negative is destroyed, so that no temptation to use it for other purposes can possibly be succumbed to.

A New Cult

ALL things considered, the only person in Hollywood who is always sure of good business, steady remuneration and fame is the photographer who knows how to strip 'em. A new cult may spring up any day in which the photographer will be worshipped as God. For it is in his power to make a Cleopatra out of a waitress, an Apollo out of a truck driver, a rose out of a dandelion, an orchid out of a sunflower, an Ariel out of a middle-aged spinster. Let him strip 'em, calcimine 'em, retouch 'em, pare 'em down and build 'em up, and he'll make you any number of nymphs and fairies, sirens and satyrs, to order.

If this be not God-like, what is it?

All New York marveled!

at the roselike complexion of the famous Spanish beauty *Cristina Montt*




Even blasé New York marveled! When this dainty Señorita who had come from sunny Spain to make her American film début, stepped off the liner, spontaneous exclamations of wonderment came from the welcoming throng. At the docks—hotels—and studios—all wondered at the saintly beauty of the complexion of this great Spanish film star.

Questioned later, she laughingly replied: "Since childhood I have used only cocoa butter—the favorite cosmetic of Spanish beauties. But—since coming to America I have found a new and better way to use my beloved cocoa butter. Now I'm never without Coco-Bloom (Cocoa-Butter) Creme.

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What Becomes of Beauty Contest Winners

(Continued from Page 52)

Marie Forhan, Pauline Turner, Lucille Walker, Dorothy Webb, Sallie Holiday, Florence Turner, Jean MacNicol, Grace Schaufele, Florence Boring, Madge Henry, Marguerite Rhodes, Gertrude Regan, Pauline Westphalen, Mae Oliver, Opal Crumbliss, Alameda Holcolmbe, Margaret Hague, Peggy Dolan, Bessie Davis, Cora Lee Bennett, Lillian A. Boltz, Clara Hoopes, Mary Kidwell, Ruth M. Purcell, Lina Hoepold, Clara M. McAbee, and Loretta Griffin.

Out of the entire fifty-six, only one name stands out as modern history — Lois Wilson. Gertrude Fonda is probably the same as Gloria Fonda, Seattle prize beauty, who starred in something or other for Universal, then went on the legitimate stage with T. Daniel Frawley, then went to China with some theatrical enterprise; came back a year ago, failed to get anything in pictures, and is reputed to have gone back to the Orient.

How Lois Did It

As FOR Lois Wilson, she too is trying to forget that she ever won a beauty contest. That fact was a detriment rather than a help, she says. In the first place, Lois knows that she is not a beauty. Her charm lies in her wholesome sweetness rather than in perfection of features. For a moderately pretty girl to come to Hollywood with the curse of a beauty contest clinging to her is to be damned before she starts. But Lois knew she had personality and acting ability. She stuck doggedly to her purpose of making a place on the screen for herself, not for her "beauty." She has done it, as the whole wide world will agree.

Lasky's publicity chief says that Lois will not let him use the fact of her having won a beauty contest in any of the stories that go out of his office. She realizes better than anyone else the psychology of the thing, the instant antagonism it arouses in the public to have a "beauty" rammed down its throat.

Eleanor Lost Her Voice

ELEANOR BOARDMAN would not now be on the screen if she had not lost her voice. She was singing with

Laurette Taylor in "*The National Anthem*," when her voice failed and she turned disconsolately to the "silent drama." About this time Robert B. McIntyre, casting director for Goldwyn Pictures, was in the east looking for new screen material. Eleanor presented herself, as did some thousand or more other aspirants, and won. Her work in *The Stranger's Banquet* put her on easy street, and she won the ingenue lead in Rupert Hughes' *Souls for Sale* and in King Vidor's *Three Wise Fools*.

The significant thing about Eleanor Boardman's phenomenal career in pictures is that she had a long and diversified stage career. She did not come out here merely as a beauty. Her little bag was full of tricks that could beat that all hollow.

An Endless List

BUT if one were to try to catalogue all the failures who came out to Hollywood bedecked with blue ribbons, attesting them to be prize female flesh, one would stop at the end of volume 27 and give it up as a hopeless job. Beauty contest winners are dishing up the split pea soup in our best cafeterias; taking babies out in perambulators for stars who had more to give the screen than mere beauty; are working in the cutting room or stenographer's ranks of the very studios that made screen tests of them when they brought their only asset to Hollywood. A few of these unsuccessful beauties are making a bare living as photographers' or artists' models.

But most of them, their vanity reduced to a mere pinpoint, have gone back home, cured of the movie fever, bitter against the very ones who are responsible for their blighted hopes. Under Hollywood's dazzling white paving stones are buried their poor little stillborn careers. They cannot even tend the graves with decent mourning, for to grieve over rejected beauty would mark them for ridicule rather than sympathy. They are even deprived of the only possible source of comfort—the relief of talking it over. For the only girl who can afford to remember that she won a beauty contest is the girl who succeeded.

Has Barbara La Marr Aphasia?

(Continued from Page 21)

It was this unsatisfied mother craving that gave little Ivan Carville La Marr a beautiful home in the Hollywood hills, a slavishly attentive colored nurse, named Irene, and a foster mother who adores him.

Barbara went to Texas to make a personal appearance at an automobile show, and while in Dallas went to Hope Cottage, a foundling home housing sixty children. She went because she loves children, and wanted to hold one for a while in her arms.

But only one baby out of those sixty had a chance. From the minute Barbara La Marr laid eyes on his laughing face and saw him dimple his fascinating little right-cheek dimple at her, she knew she must have that baby or be forever miserable.

"When I want anything I want it right then, or not at all. I never take time to consider whether a thing is expedient or good publicity or wise. I just do it." Thus speaks Barbara of the four husbands. Probably that trait of her character accounts for her many marriages. In each case she wanted the man without considering whether he would be a good husband.

All in a Day

PROBABLY no other baby has been adopted with the lightning like speed with which little Ivan of Hope Cottage became the son of Barbara La Marr. Barbara saw him, adopted him and took him away, all in the same afternoon. There is a law that an adopted child cannot be carried out of the state in which adoption takes place under one year, but Barbara found ways of circumventing such a ridiculous and annoying law. She boarded the train that night with little six-months-old Ivan in her arms, and spent the night in her Pullman berth, considering the relative merits of Mellin's Food and cow's milk with lime water. One of the weightiest questions which now harass her days is whether California weather is cool enough to justify all-wool flannels. And the famous body is forever bending over to pick up a shoe which the ener-



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getic young man is always casting, as he kicks and crows in his Mama's or Irene's arms.

Minus Fifteen Pounds

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"I am not beautiful. When the producers look at me and tell me that my beauty must be clothed thus and so, and I owe this to my beauty, and that to my popularity, I laugh. I honestly don't think I am pretty. And when I hear people discuss me or see things in print about myself, I think of the Barbara La Marr they are discussing as entirely separate from the Barbara I know and live with every day. I don't wear long, slinky clothes; I wear bungalow aprons and lie on the grass with my heels up and my elbows digging into the turf, reading. I cook a lot of my own meals, because, even with "Mammy" and Irene, there always seems to be too much work to do. I dote on Italian cooking, and I eat—well, too much. My worst enemies couldn't say meaner things about me than I say about myself, and I'm not temperamental, and I have a temper, and I forgive and forget easily."

Barbara says this defiantly, all fed up as she is on the kind of interviews she reads in fan magazines.

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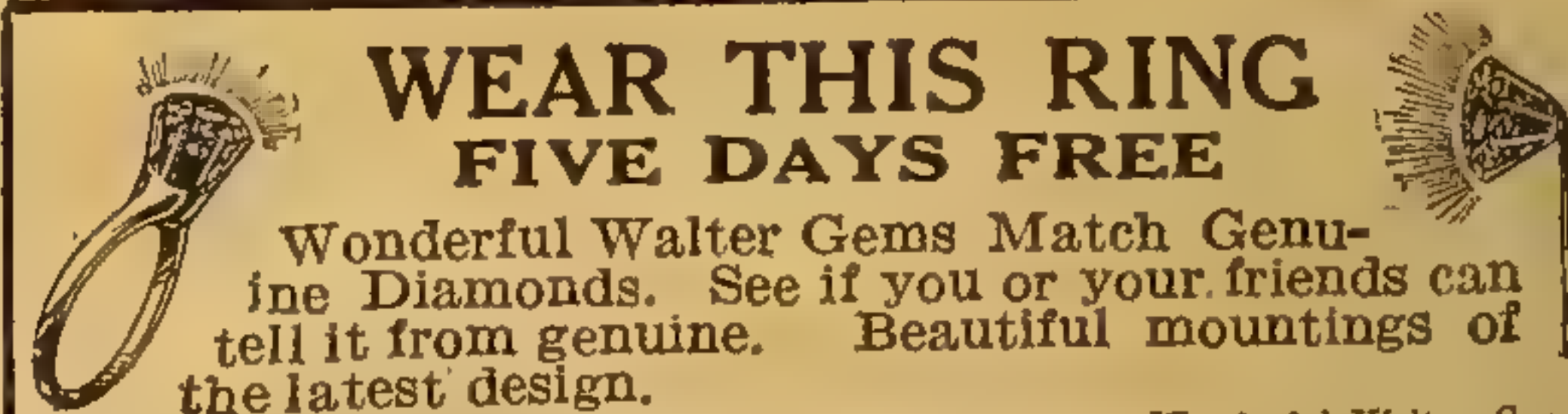
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come up, until a frightened cameraman brought her to the surface, her poor body still tangled in the seaweed that had imprisoned her. Her first close-up was her last.

My Money Gone

MY LAST five dollars went for a wreath of roses for June. It was the only thing I could do for her, ever.

That night I could not sleep for the gnawing emptiness of my stomach. A phrase from some forgotten church service home came back to me.

"The eternal God is thy refuge. And underneath are the everlasting arms."

"... and underneath are the everlasting arms." Over and over I repeated the sonorous words and they brought me a great peace. I lay down and went to sleep.

A knock on the door awakened me from a heavy slumber, more of a torpor than sleep. The sun was high in the sky. It must have been late. I got up dizzily and opened the door. My landlady informed me that somebody wanted to see me downstairs.

I dressed somehow and went down, leaning heavily on the banister as I descended the stairs, for I was very weak.

And then—I was in a pair of strong arms that closed about me tightly, and I was crying on a broad shoulder that seemed made to order for the purpose, Jimmy's! For perhaps five minutes he let me cry out all my heartsick fears on his dear shoulder. Then as my sobs grew less tumultuous, he tilted up my quivering chin and looked into my wet eyes. I knew my nose was red and didn't care.

"To take up our conversation where we left it last," he said, "I have now got my start—a partnership in a law firm in Minneapolis—and you, you cute little pale thing, are going to be the blushing bride of a rising young lawyer, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Yes, oh yes," I whispered. "But Jimmy, you'll have to feed me first!"

* * *

So that's the story of my attempt at fame. I guess I wasn't meant to be an actress. Hollywood wasn't meant for me. I'm just the girl who failed, one of a thousand. Jimmy says as an actress I'm a grand little wife. And I'm *never* going to fail at that!

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Wait

(Continued from Page 59)

another player. On the set she attends strictly to business or to the fancy work or book in her hands; off the set, she is Mrs. Bernard Durning, happily married wife of that big, good-looking director. No breath of scandal has ever touched Shirley, and she attributes part of her good luck in this respect to her habit of making the most of her time while "waiting," and of never gossiping with the other players. Consequently, Shirley Mason gets very little publicity. Her name never appears in the day's news; she apparently has no fads or hobbies, for publication. And if she loses somewhat because of this lack of front page space, she gains in sincere respect and admiration, which everyone on the Fox lot, and in the motion picture colony, for that matter, freely gives her.

Tom Mix and Telepathy

TOM MIX has become a convert to the belief in mental telepathy, since he was a victim of its powers on location one day not long ago. Tom is one of the most fearless stunt men in pictures, and permits no one to double for him. But his fearlessness is not always shared by all the cast, director, property men, etc.

Charles Ray's Solution

CHARLES RAY went through a terrible financial struggle when he left a salary to go into independent production. He had to make every minute and every penny count, for he was working on borrowed capital and the capitalists were not "honing" to give him any more.

It seemed vitally necessary to Ray that every minute of those precious hours be utilized to the best advantage. But occasionally, and with increasing frequency, he would appear on a set to begin work and find that things were wrong all round. It was hard to put a finger on the trouble. The director summed it up by telling Ray it was simply antagonism, working out in small ways.

At last it almost "got" Ray. He found himself unable to act to the best of his ability, for the antagonism was so thick he felt he could cut it with a butter knife. He did a little snooping on his own, and

found that it was all because the players had so much time on their hands, waiting for the call of "Camera!" While they waited the players spent their time in knocking, using the hammer with violent pleasure upon the star himself. Not that they felt any personal animosity. They simply had to pass the time away, and professional jealousy turned the current of the idle conversation starward.

"I know of no way to eliminate the waiting for action on the sets, but it does seem to me that some plan could be worked out whereby the players would wait with more contentment, and with something constructive to occupy their minds," says Charlie Ray.

"I believe the solution is a reading room, where the players can wait their turn. Of course the rules of the room would be that no talking could go on. They would be forced to write letters or read. A signal system of electric bells could be devised, by which players could be summoned, by the assistant director. The reading room would of course have to be just off the principal stage, and some small amount of waiting could not possibly be avoided. But much of the pernicious gossip would be eliminated in this way, and certainly the players would be in a better frame of mind for their work."

Charles Ray is probably right, as far as he goes. We wonder what the pirates appearing in Ray's new picture, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, would read in this off-stage library? Would they read Boccaccio or Coue, "Pickwick Papers" or "penny dreadfuls"—if there are any such left in this too-highbrow world? Would the women players dream over fashion magazines or would they read Elinor Glyn? Would Dickens have a place on the book shelves, or would Arabian Nights (unexpurgated) crowd him off? Probably "Mademoiselle de Maupin" and "Du Barry" would leave scant room for Jane Austen. But whatever other classics are left off the shelves, we do hope that "Merton of the Movies" has an honored place.

At any rate, reading room or no, there is no end as yet in sight for the Hollywood ogre—WAIT!

Religion in Hollywood

(Continued from Page 43)

the recent reviewing, by the pastor in his pulpit, of F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Beautiful and Damned*. Fearing we might learn something at church not good for our youthful minds, we did not attend.

The Ambassador Theatre doubles on Sundays as a church de luxe, patronized by wealthy tourists and famous screen stars. Here many of our stars have spoken. Milton Sills once gave a most creditable sermon which made penitents of many bad little boys and foolish little girls. Helen Ferguson stood behind the pulpit one Sunday, her first public speech, and frankly discussed the motion picture industry with the sincerity that won her many discreet plaudits.

The Miracle Woman

TRUE, we have one brimstone-orator left, a sort of Miracle Lady, running second however to Peter: Rev. Aimee Semple McPherson, who holds regular "Divine healing services." Despite the fact that the tabernacle holds 5300 people, over 1000 are turned away at every serv-

ice. Of the old-time shouting Billy Sunday type, this enterprising woman evangelist and press agent draws to full houses and undoubtedly, beneath the publicity which haloes her efforts, does a commendable work.

The only church in Los Angeles that welcomes all creeds and takes up no collection is the Beth-El-Mission, presided over by a lovable old gentleman of eighty-two who, with his brother and the latter's wife, furnish the music also. But, alas, it is situated in a far corner of the city and is patronized mostly by the poorer and middle-class families.

The Movies' Church

THE "movie folks church," has for its rector Rev. Neal Dodd, friend and spiritual adviser of all the picture-people.

All in all, you may take your choice of religion here. All creeds, sects, personalities—and advertisements—are to be found in our churches. Right now, it is the novel that draws the crowds, that appeals to our stars' ennuied souls.

Is Theda Bara Dead?

(Continued from Page 40)

Hollywood where Brabin was directing for Goldwyn. Rumors began to be bruited about. Was the Brabin marriage to go the way of so many other Hollywood marriages?

But no. The bone of contention was simply this. Theda wanted to go back on the screen. Two years of idleness, even though she was most happily married, began to pall upon her. She had had a generous taste of the fascination that lies in electric lights. But her English husband did not agree with her ambitions.

Doesn't Want Theda to Work

IF BRABIN has his way about it, Theda Bara will cease to be Theda Bara and be just Mrs. Charles Brabin. Being a man and an Englishman, he loves domesticity and wants very much to have his beautiful wife installed just as mistress in his home.

"I hope she will not go back to

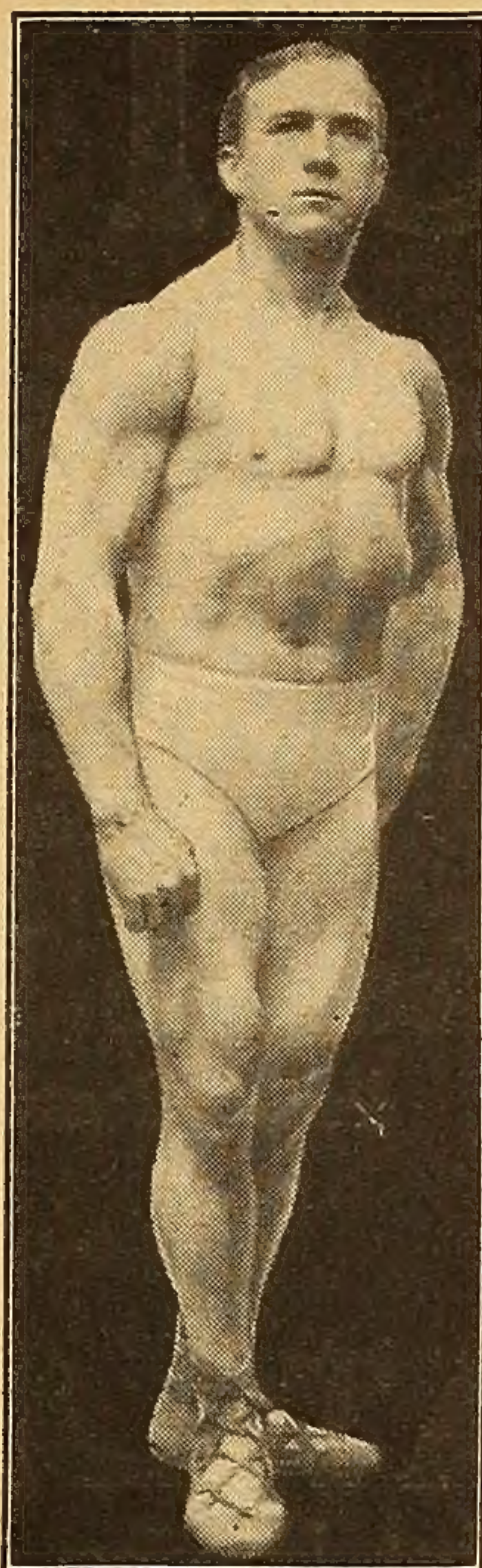
the screen," he says. "I am living at a hotel now and I am so deucedly lonely. I daren't speak to a young woman, for fear of the gossips, and I have to devote my time to the dowagers. I am so very anxious for her to come to Hollywood, to make a real home for both of us.

"Yet I know that I am asking a big thing when I say to a woman who has done big things, 'Stay home and darn my socks.' It's compromising my wife, I know."

And so Charles Brabin, generously seeing his talented wife's side of it, is conceding something and Theda, too, is conceding something. Perhaps Theda will do as her nice, big husband wishes.

But Hollywood, while sympathizing with his desires, is looking forward to the return of the prodigal, the most deliciously wicked woman on the screen. Hollywood wants to see for itself if Theda Bara is the Theda Bara it used to know.

"Make Your Marriage A Success"



Marriage always means misery to the unfit. Ask yourself before you propose to some pure, innocent girl, whether you are fit to be her husband and the father of her children—and whether your offspring will be healthy youngsters—a joy and blessing to you both or sickly, defective little ones; a constant reproach to you as long as you live. What you are your children are bound to be and your weaknesses will be increased as you pass them along to your children, who may live to curse you for their inheritance of woe. This is the inflexible law of Heredity. You cannot avoid it. You dare not overlook it. THINK now before it is too late and resolve to

Fit Yourself For Matrimony

You are not fit if you are weak, sickly and under-developed. You dare not marry and ruin some trusting girl's life if Youthful Errors, Bad Habits, or Excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Don't think you can save yourself with dope and drugs. Such unnatural materials can never remove the cause of your weaknesses and will surely harm you. The only way you can be restored is through Nature's

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basic Laws. She will never fail you if you will sit at her feet and learn her ways.

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How the Stars Put the Sure in Insurance

(Continued from page 63)

than straight dramatic players, because their work is more hazardous.

Owing to her work in serials, Ruth Roland is unable to obtain insurance from any of the companies, except at an exorbitant premium rate. Upon the \$500-a-week accident policy that she finally succeeded in getting, she pays a staggering premium.

This must give her great mental anguish, as she has to pay exorbitant rates for stunts that a double probably performs.

C. B. Likes Aviation, Too

CECIL DeMILLE was also an ardent devotee of aviation once, but was forced to give it up when the insurance companies threatened to cancel his policies. His personal insurance is several hundred thousand dollars, while Famous Players-Lasky protects itself against his loss at a mere half million.

Of course, all the studios are well covered by insurance. When an especially costly wardrobe or set is prepared, it is insured individually. Special protection is carried on cameras, and cameramen, also. After a picture is completed, the film's safe arrival in transit to New York is insured carefully.

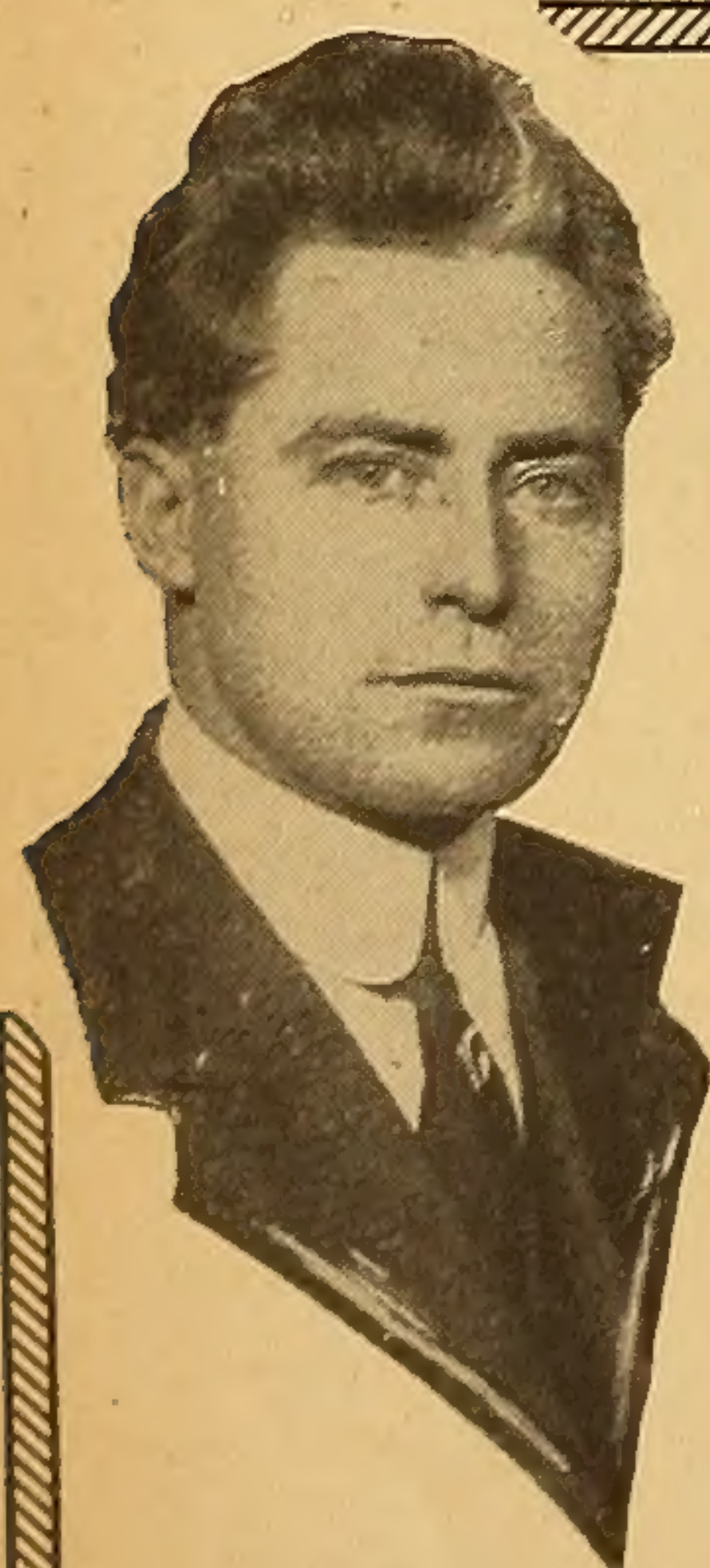
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ALL the stars carry protection on their jewelry. Norma Talmadge's jewels are insured by Lloyd's for \$100,000. Constance Talmadge's are insured for \$75,000, while the Buster Keaton's jewelry is insured for \$40,000. The latter came in handy a while back, when Natalie Keaton lost a \$2500 diamond and platinum bracelet at the Ambassador hotel. The costly trinket was never found, so the insurance company made good the amount.

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Here is the most important beauty discovery of the decade! Terra-derma-lax will iron out and smooth away the most deep-seated face furrows—in an amazingly short time.

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Dirt-secrections at the base of the pores cause most all facial eruptions and skin-sallowness. Terra-derma-lax goes after this imbedded dirt on the suction-cleaner principle. It draws out all the concealed impurities from the pores as a vacuum cleaner draws soot from a carpet.

This is no news to the users of Terra-derma-lax. It is a story gloriously told to them every day, by the radiant clarity that Terra-derma-lax has brought to their complexions.

Startling News Even to Old Terra-derma-lax Friends

But that Terra-derma-lax removes

wrinkles! Here, indeed, IS news even to most enthusiastic clay-users.

We waited until we were sure. And today we are sure. Scientifically sure. We have tested this new Terra-derma-lax usage under all conditions, on faces grooved and grained with worry-lines. And we have seen those lines diminish, day by day, and finally vanish entirely, under laboratory observation. So we have no hesitancy in warranting Terra-derma-lax unreservedly to eradicate all premature marks and seams from any skin.

How Treatment Is Applied

The Terra-derma-lax wrinkle treatment is applied daily—not semi-weekly, like the Clay facial. The clay is spread, like tape, in strip formation, over the wrinkled section—just before going to bed. In a few minutes, as it dries, it sets up a tingling sensation—denoting stimulated blood-flow beneath the wrinkled parts.

The tingling shortly subsides—and the clay is left on overnight. Like a sad-iron smoothing out a piece of rumpled silk, it smooths out the seams in the skin—holding the cuticle taut and firm throughout the night.

In the morning wash off the clay—and the improvement is immediately seen. Repeat each night until the wrinkles, growing dimmer and dimmer, disappear entirely.

The Cause of Wrinkles

Wrinkles are caused not only by age, but by repeated bad facial habits—such as the arching of the eyebrows, the squinting of the eyelids, the frowning of the forehead. These facial grimaces gradually form unnatural lines in the face, which quickly "set" if proper blood circulation does not wash them away.

Terra-derma-lax does two things to remove these unbecoming "expression lines."



It first smooths out the creases in the skin, by its firm but gentle "ironing" action. And second, it restores the skin-health and life in the affected area by stimulating the blood-flow.

Results Are Guaranteed

Try this new and marvelous wrinkle treatment on our guarantee of quick and positive results.

Get a jar of Terra-derma-lax from your druggist (or from any toilette goods counter) and apply the wrinkle treatment three nights.

If you do not notice a decided improvement on the morning after the third treatment, return the balance of the clay in the jar, and your dollar will be refunded promptly.

A Double Delight to New Users

If you are not a user of Terra-derma-lax facials, there's a double treat in store for you. Get acquainted with the "beauty-sorcery" of these twice-a-week "clay baths." Supplement the nightly Wrinkle Treatment with twice-a-week Terra-derma-lax facials.

You'll be amazed at the new youth Terra-derma-lax will bring back into your face—the silky softness and schoolgirl full color it will return to your skin.

After the Wrinkle Treatment has conquered the crow's-feet—continue the Terra-derma-lax facials twice a week, to keep the skin in flawless condition. That's all the skin-beauty insurance any woman needs.

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MONEY BACK OFFER ISSUED WITH EVERY JAR OF TERRA-DERMA-LAX

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